

Sports Illustrated

MAY 16, 1960 30 CENTS

ALSTON'S HOT YOUNG DODGERS



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The way we see it, you might've been a prince of matadors.

And you might've been a legend in your own time.

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white
...and there
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similarity
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Next week

INDY HEROICS begins with the race for the pole position, reported by Kim Chaplin. The huge enterprise that is the 500 has a number of unsung heroes, too—shown in color.

THE PREAKNESS offers Majestic Prince another jewel for his crown, Top Knight the opportunity to run back to his earlier form, and Aris and Letters some sweet revenge.

THE ALL-AMERICA FAMILY lives in Bel Air, Calif. and is named Vandewaghe—Ernie, Colleen and their four children, whose competitiveness covers the whole range of sport.

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This year, in addition to SCCA Trans-Am, we'll be represented by two factory sponsored teams on the NASCAR GT circuit.

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So, why not buy a pair of fashionable shoes and sort of sneak up on the new fashions. Starting with the feet.

You'll find that nobody snickers. In fact, you'll get a lot of compliments. (Mostly, from women—they notice such things.)

And once you get used to the shoes, you can escalate. And

buy an orange shirt. Or, a Cardin suit. Maybe you'll let your sideburns grow.

We hope so. But, we'll be happy if you just buy the shoes.

We will have started you out on the right foot.

Progress, after that, is up to you.

**Weyenberg
Massagic Shoes**



SCORECARD

DOLDRUMS

Pro football did not solve all its current problems when it finally settled the realignment question. The failure to sign top draft choices, particularly O.J. Simpson, was a continuing headache. For instance, the chief appeal of the Coaches All-America Game in Atlanta on June 28 is the anticipated duel between the West's Simpson and the East's Leroy Keyes (of Purdue and, hopefully, the Philadelphia Eagles). But with not much more than six weeks remaining before the game, neither had yet accepted an invitation to play, and apparently neither had yet agreed to play in the traditional College All-Star Game in Chicago on Aug. 1, which this year sends Joe Namath and the New York Jets against the collegians. Their refusal is understandable. An unsigned player is reluctant to play in an all-star game because a serious injury would leave him with no financial recourse, beyond the insurance taken out on each player by the promoters. A signed player, on the other hand, has the guarantee of his season's salary from the club that drafted and signed him.

And the holdouts were not just Simpson and Keyes. Still unsigned, and apparently waiting for O.J. to make his move, were George Kunz (Notre Dame) and the Atlanta Falcons, Greg Cook (Cincinnati) and the Cincinnati Bengals, Ron Sellers (Florida State) and the Boston Patriots, Fred Dryer (San Diego State) and the New York Giants) and Ron Johnson (Michigan) and the Cleveland Browns).

SUPER HOOPEN BOWL

It was a fairly obvious thing for him to say after his Oakland Oaks had won the ABA championship, but Coach Alex Hannum asked, "Why not a super bowl in basketball?" Even if it is obvious, in some ways the idea is appealing—the upstart Oaks against the old-line Boston Celtics for the championship of everything.

Hannum's credentials add considerable vigor to the idea. Alex is the only coach to win championships in both the NBA and ABA (as Weeb Ewbank of the Jets is the only coach to win in both the NFL and AFL). Moreover, Hannum won the only two NBA titles that the Celtics did not win in the last 13 seasons.

There is that three-point rule (for goals from beyond 25 feet) in the ABA, but then the AFL had the two-point extra point and that didn't stop the Super Bowl from coming into being. The Super Hoop may soon be with us—which will be fine unless it takes the season into mid-June.

UNSWEETENED POT

The all-time record for one day's betting at U.S. racetracks is \$6,120,631, established at Aqueduct on May 31, 1965. Betting on Churchill Downs on Derby Day this year—\$6,106,346—just barely missed topping the Aqueduct total and would have beaten it except for a fluke. Before the start of the first race on Derby Day a horse named—stand back, now—Sweetie Sweet tossed his jockey and ran away, probably to hide in embarrassment. At any rate, the stewards ordered the horse scratched and all money bet on him refunded. It came to \$27,559. If it had not been refunded the total handle at Churchill Downs would have reached \$6,133,905, or \$13,000 better than Aqueduct's record.

PRIZE IMPORTS

One of the most popular items that America is importing nowadays is tennis players. For instance, Oral Roberts University of Tulsa, Okla., has Peter van Lingen of South Africa, Ivan Mikysa, Cyril Suk and Jirka Medonos of Czechoslovakia and Pekka Salla of Finland. The University of Corpus Christi in Texas has Ramiro Benavidez of Bolivia, Roberto Chavez and Vicente Zarazua of Mexico, Humphrey Hose of Venezuela, Oscar Sales of Curaçao and Marc Bouille

of France. When Corpus Christi played Oral Roberts recently, there was no U.S. citizen on either team.

A HIT BY WILLIE

Shakespeare, no stranger to fun and games, wrote a good deal of sporting activity and sporting idiom into his plays. Recognizing this, the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., which has put on a representative schedule of the Bard's plays every summer for 15 years now, is pulling out all sporting stops for this year's presentation of *Henry V*. Tennis balls, for instance, play a major visual role. Tennis balls are, of course, an integral part of the play (France insults Henry with a gift which, when opened, turns out to be nothing but tennis balls—a not too subtle comment on the English king's frivolous past). But later in the Stratford presentation the tennis balls are also used sym-



bolically to represent English market balls in battle. They bounce wildly about the stage and many of them ricochet into the audience, where there is almost as much excitement about retrieving them as there is in baseball for a batted ball.

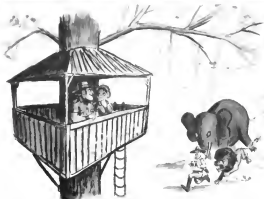
The free-wheeling tennis balls are only one aspect of the emphasis on sport. For half an hour before each performance, while the audience is slowly drifting in, more than 40 actors are on stage in Levi's and sweat shirts or T shirts, playing basketball, volleyball and Frisbee, wrestling, dancing, flirting. As per-

continued



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daddy gets.
And daddy wants
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SCORECARD *continued*

formance time nears, the preplay action becomes more and more charged and tense, and just before the stage goes dark for the beginning of *Henry V* a small riot ensues. This playful-violent half hour sets the tone of the drama. Michael Kahn, the artistic director of the Shakespeare festival, says, "The play is set on a stage which is a playground, an arena, a battleground. The games are the games of war, of conquest, of power, of love"—and the playground-sports motif continues. Instead of armor, soldiers wear football gear, soccer shirts, the padding of a hockey goalie, and the volleyballs and basketballs of the improvisation become large cannon balls in battle scenes.

Unhappily, you can't take a basketball home with you as a souvenir for the kids. Tennis balls are considered expendable, but the ushers have been instructed to request firmly that stray volleyballs and basketballs be returned to the stage.

And in case you're wondering about the final score, Henry V wins.

LONG DISTANCE

This is a football story, but on the chance that you did not hear it last fall (we didn't, either) we pass it along. Football games in some sections of the country are preceded by an invocation, and the invocation often includes phrases like "that great Quarterback in the Sky." At last year's Oklahoma-Nebraska game in Norman, Okla., the clergyman concluded by saying, "And, dear Lord, we invite You to take time out from Your busy schedule to watch our game this afternoon." Seconds later a telephone rang in the press box, and a fellow sitting there said, "He wants to know what channel it's on."

KINDERGARTEN

Frank Beard, one of the best of the younger golf professionals, has a rather novel idea on the right way to teach youngsters how to play golf.

"I'll have all the mothers of America down on me," he says, "but I think that if a kid has \$60 he should gamble it on the golf course. That's what I did growing up. You learn more about playing under pressure that way than you will in any tournament. Even now, it's much tougher playing for my own money—my \$60 or my \$100—than it is for the big tournament purses. In a tournament, say you have to make a putt to

continued



(A sad saga from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

MONY MAN: That's right, Mr. Van Winkle, under the MONY Disability Income Policy, if you were physically incapacitated and unable to work, you could receive a generous stipend commensurate with...

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(Ed. Note: he was off by \$2.37.)

RIP V.W.: Forget that stuff. Just give me the facts.

MONY MAN: Very well...

RIP V.W.: Better yet, give 'em to Dame Van Winkle, if that old shrew will let you get a word in edgewise. I'm off for the hills!

Ed. Note: Much as it pains us, we must report that our MONY man could not get a word in edgewise, and when Rip corked off for 20 years, his family suffered like all get-out. Don't let this happen to you! See moral which follows directly.

MORAL:

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Split-Level sole iron helps you get the ball out faster. Its Minimized sole edge cuts through tough rough. Sharpens your iron play. Available in aluminum or steel shafts.

If you take this coupon to a participating pro and try the Split-Level Sole Iron, you'll be handed a free new DX Tourney ball. (We're interested in your comments.) Offer good only at participating pro shops. Limit one free ball per customer. Offer expires May 31, 1969.

COMMENTS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PRO'S SIGNATURE _____

CLUB NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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SCORECARD continued

win \$5,000. If you miss it, you'll make a little less money. But that's not the same as reaching into your pocket and giving your own money away. There are guys on the tour right now who pretty near have a heart attack if you mention playing a 10¢ Nassau."

Bob Goalby, the 1968 Masters champion, agrees with Beard. Goalby says, "If a guy has a bad practice round and he wasn't gambling on it, he's likely to toss his clubs in the bag and say, 'Well, it'll be better tomorrow.' But if he lost \$100 out of his own pocket on that round, he'll be on the practice tee working on whatever went wrong."

Well, there it is, kids. Got your woods, your irons, your piggy banks? Let's head for the 1st tee.

LE AMAZONS

That Bill Veecik thinks he's so smart with his race for lady jockeys. The U.S. Trotting Association has sanctioned lady drivers for years and, in fact, 18 are currently licensed in the U.S. and Canada. And on May 23 a three-race series for lady drivers begins at Brandywine Raceway in Delaware. The series moves on to Monticello Raceway in New York on May 31 and concludes at Blue Bonnets Raceway in Montreal on June 8. The races, for the world's ladies harness racing championship, will match eight North Americans against eight Italians. The Italians, who drive at 53 different harness tracks in Italy from March through October, are called *Le Amazons*. As you shrewdly guessed, that means "the Amazons," but before you get a mental image of something hulking and overpowering you should know that in Italian the word also means "horsewomen" and that these drivers are dolls. Sophia Loren in a sulky would be an *amazzone*.

Let's see, where are those races again?

LONG ARM OF THE AIR

It isn't often that the Arizona Highway Patrol comes to the aid of a boat sinking in Florida, but it happened the other day. L. W. Oehlbeck was breezing along the St. John's River below Jacksonville in his 40-foot cruiser when he ran into a log that tore a substantial hole in the hull of his boat. Realizing that he was sinking, Oehlbeck tried to place a call on his ship's radio to the Jacksonville marine operator, but he could not get through. He switched to a citizen's

continued



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Dial Soap!



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**WHAT OTHER WATCHBAND WOULD
HAVE REMEMBERED HER BIRTHDAY**

band in the hope of picking up a nearby fishing camp or boatyard, and before long he got a response. Oehlbeck explained what had happened and said he needed immediate assistance. The fellow on the other end said he would see what he could do, but that it might take a minute or two because he happened to be talking from Mesa, Ariz. He phoned the Arizona Highway Patrol, who sent a teletype to the Florida Highway Patrol, who called the Coast Guard—though by that time Oehlbeck had already run his craft aground to keep it from sinking entirely.

MOUNDS AND SPITTERS

In San Francisco Juan Marichal, pitcher, and Willie McCovey, hitter, disagree about the influence the new lowered mound is having on hitting this season (SI, May 12). Marichal says, "With my high kick, I noticed the difference right away. My foot started hitting the ground early. I now try to raise my left leg higher so it won't hit the ground too soon. I've had to work hard on my timing."

But McCovey says, "The mound looks just as high to me. Even before all this came up, the mounds varied in different parks. There was no conformity, and I'll bet it's the same this season. All they really had to do to improve hitting was to eliminate the spitball. Half the pitchers in the majors throw it at one time or another. It gives the pitcher an unfair advantage, and I'm saying this now, when I'm hitting, to show it isn't sour grapes. The spitter, when thrown by an expert, is practically impossible to hit. It isn't fair to pitchers who abide by the rules. If they had truly banned the spitter this season they wouldn't have to lower the mound or shrink the strike zone."

THEY SAID IT

• Lew Alcindor, appearing at UCLA's basketball banquet wearing a beard, à la Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain: "I guess you're wondering about the beard. The reason it's there is because you need it to tell who the centers are in the NBA."

• Ralph Guglielmi, former Notre Dame All-America quarterback, on student freedom in colleges today: "I was kicked out of school a whole semester for coming in 25 minutes late one night. Nowadays you bust up a school and they beg you to come back."

END

By the time it's empty, life will be full.



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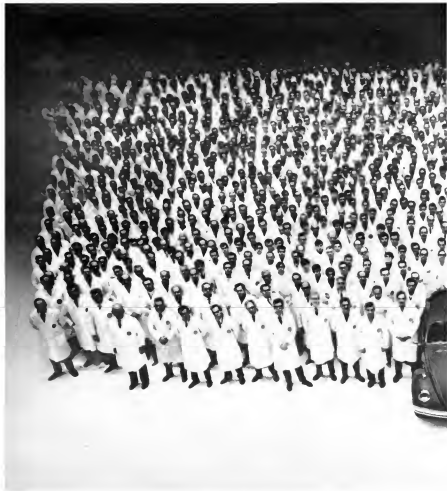
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inspect this many Volkswagens.

up in the picture and that Volkswagen is **WELL** (a Volkswagen).

Every single VW part is inspected at least 3 times. That means that before the whole car can get from us to you, it has to go through 16,000 different inspections in all.

Think of that: 16,000.

We lose an average of 225 Bugs a day that way. So if you ever had to wait a little longer than you cared to for your new Volkswagen, now you know why.



It's not that we can't make them fast enough, it's just that we can't make them good enough fast enough.

UNDERDOG BITES BACK

Because Harvard suffered its first defeat in 35 college starts, ill-wishers pretended last week that the invincible Crimson crew was finished. At the Eastern sprints the Harvards showed how silly that was **by HUGH D. WHALL**

This is the year for tossing college deans downstairs and locking professors in their offices, so there was no surprise in the fact that eight burly Harvard men bore down on university Crew Coach Harry Parker one day last week and, to the accompaniment of wild cheers from an enthusiastic crowd of picnickers and grass-sitters, tossed him bodily into the waters of Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Mass.

Equally unsurprisingly, Coach Parker loved every minute of this horseplay. For a split second, as his head bobbed up above the water, the most successful college crew coach in the U.S. looked his old solemn self. Then his face lit up with the beaming smile that had lingered on it almost continuously for nearly a week—ever since his varsity crew broke a winning streak of 34 straight victories in college competition by losing to Pennsylvania on the Schuylkill River on May 3.

In contrast to the suddenly lighthearted Parker, Pennsylvania's Coach Joe Burk had spent the week since the Adams Cup race looking as gloomy as a man whose pet Pooch shell had just been rammed by a rowboat. For years Burk's Quakers had been digging their sweeps into the water in a vain effort to catch up to boatload after boatload of seemingly invincible rowers trained by Joe's co-pupil, Parker. Always the Harvard boat pulled out ahead. The meeting be-

tween these two rowing powers at the Olympic Trials in California's Long Beach last year had resulted in what many connoisseurs called the finest eight-oared race ever rowed. But, as usual, Harvard won, even though the margin of victory was so slight as to be almost unmeasurable.

Then two weeks ago came the Adams Cup competition in Philadelphia, a race held before a crowd of fans that had come to hate the Harvards as no athletic team had been hated since the days when the New York Yankees won all their ball games.

It turned out to be a fine day for Philadelphians. In their first meeting of this season Burk's Pennsylvania heavyweights clobbered Harvard, and in so doing shattered a legend of invincibility. Making no excuses, Parker admitted that his crewmen had rowed as well as they could and insisted that they had been beaten by a stronger outfit. Nevertheless, knowing that the Harvard shell had steered a somewhat wobbly course along the Schuylkill and suspecting that other things might have been amiss as well, Burk, the victor, began to worry. Perhaps wiser than anyone else in the game, he had a notion that the upset might have been a fluke.

For Burk and Parker, as well as the vast multitude of rowing fans across the nation, the Eastern collegiate sprint championships—in the varsity heavy-

weight division, anyway—might as well have been a dual meet, since there seemed to be only two crews competing. But not everyone felt so exclusive. There were 15 other colleges present on the lake, each of which was fielding one or more crews to compete over the 2,000-meter course. Among those crews there were, believe it or not, some who felt they, too, had a chance to win.

Collegiate rowing today is in a state of unusual flux and growth, with skills improving on rivers and lakes all over the country. There are many experts who truly believe that the days of such great rowing dynasties as those of Parker and Burk and the once-fine Navy crews are on the wane.

There were many at Worcester last week for instance who gave Coach Pete Sparhawk's newly energized Princeton Tigers somewhat more than an outside chance to beat both Harvard and Penn. Part of their thinking was that the two favorites had been so concerned with each other that they might well overlook all other contenders.

Then, too, there was Northeastern

continued

Picnickers fans momentarily forgot their idyllic hesitating to break into cheers as Harvard's crew (center, in mid-race) pulled away from arch-rival Pennsylvania (double-striped shirts) to reach the finish line (opposite) an easy winner.





(which actually beat Princeton in the morning heats) and a resurgent U.S. Naval Academy, whose varsity and junior varsity boats are so evenly matched that Coach Carl Ullrich finds himself faced with the continuing problem of which crew to place in the main event. At the Adams Cup, Navy's jayvees rowed handily away from the jayvees of both Penn and Harvard. They were so swift, in fact, that they, rather than Navy's varsity, were chosen to face the top two in last week's races.

If there was one attitude that stood out most clearly among all the oarsmen at the sprints last week, it was that neither Penn nor Harvard was invincible. But if either Harry Parker or Joe Burk shared this attitude, he managed to conceal it well.

Poking about among his sparkling shells on the rainy day preceding the sprints, Parker looked the picture of a man on holiday. All week long the Harvard coach had worked on his varsity. His one concession to defeat was to shift everyone in the boat around except the three and four oars and the stroke, Art Evans. "I don't know what the change will do," he said cheerfully. "Some good, I hope." He also planned to shift from the Peacock shell Harvard used in the rough waters of the Schuylkill to a Stampfli, the delicate gem with which the Harvard oarsmen usually grind down their challengers.

"Harry," said a close friend in Worcester last week, "says he never gave his undefeated record a thought. Of course, he must have, because he's human, after all." This conclusion may be debated in some quarters, but certainly there was nothing supernatural about Parker's explanation for the seating shuffle. "I was looking," he explained, "for length to the drive, a little less rush. The crew felt more comfortable with this seating and, of course, I wanted them to feel better."

Obviously the crew did, and the first clue to Harvard's recovered ease came in the morning heat. Rowing on a lake rippled by gusts of wind that varied in

direction almost as much as they did in velocity, Harvard suffered what, to almost any other crew, would have been a fatal accident. Kicking off from the starting barge the bowman, Mike Livingston, jumped his sliding seat off its track. There he was with an oar in his hand and nothing for his backside to slide on. While he frantically tried to get organized again, Harvard dropped far back.

"We lost 15 strokes," said Cox Thomas Tiffany afterward, i.e., 1½ lengths, or an almost insurmountable handicap. But not for Harvard. Even though off to a disastrous start, Tiffany's shell was soon running strongly and evenly with all seats properly on their slides and a crew full of confidence. Up the lake it streamed with seeming effortlessness to win the first round by more than three seconds over the No. 2 boat, Wisconsin. The heat was an indication of what might be expected in the finals.

Meanwhile, despite the load on his spirit, Joe Burk as always was doing his best to maintain an appearance of optimism. Berthed in a local monastery (where one Penn oarsman complained that his conscience would not let him sleep), Burk rose early and breakfasted before his boys. However, his insides must have been churning, for he turned down lunch although Penn had won its end of the morning heats over Cornell and Dartmouth in far faster time than Harvard. But even the crowd had turned against Joe's Quakers. During the years when Penn had battled to overcome the Crimson, it had always been the sentimental favorite at Worcester. Now second-seeded Harvard was the underdog, and suddenly everyone loved her. "If Burk is planning to build a rowing dynasty at Penn," someone remarked, "he may find he's got the monster that Harry had for years."

But Parker's monster seemed reluctant to leave its old home. As Crimson crews swept the lake clean in race after race in the lesser divisions, only friends and relatives seemed to care much. After all, who watches the prelims when a heavyweight title is to follow? Then came the big one.

"Good luck, guys," said Burk to his varsity eight as the two rivals, together with a supporting cast of Princeton, Wisconsin, Cornell and Northeastern, set out for the starting barge. Luck was

not enough. From the minute the eight oarsmen caught the water with their sweeps, every man in the Harvard boat knew he had a winner. Pulling smoothly, Harvard did what Burk had predicted it would do. Instead of holding off the pace as usual, then applying the famous sprint that has killed so many collegiate crews at the end, the Harvards rowed bow to bow with the other shells from the outset, following the beat set by Stroke Evans, who has seen the backs of more oarsmen from rival colleges than he'll ever remember. Harvard got off at a low, smooth stroke. "Then," said Evans, "I snuck it down to 35½ between the 500- and 1,000-meter mark. At the 1,000 we went still lower."

Penn, meanwhile, was stroking at 37 in an effort to keep Harvard in reach. Slash, pull, recover, slash, pull, recover, the crews came up the lake working like machines. At the 1,000-meter mark Evans called for 10 quick, hard strokes that opened up a two-seat lead on Penn. Noting his new advantage, he took another 10. In reply Penn raised its stroke, but no matter how quickly the Quakers pulled, the Penn oars could not regain the water they had lost to Harvard. For Penn, it became a stern chase, the longest and most disheartening in rowing. When the stroke can no longer see his opposition, a pang of discouragement strikes.

As the crews sliced toward the finish, it became clear to everyone that Penn could not possibly catch up, and the crowd, silent for some time, began to yell wildly. At the dock the only noticeable difference in Joe Burk was a slight stiffening of his smile, an understandable concession to what must have been a monumental disappointment. Parker, by contrast, went almost berserk, slapping his jayvees on the back, laughing and yelling "hey, hey" to the approaching Harvard shell. To newsmen Parker said, "I was pleased and encouraged by what we did in the middle of the race." But his face denied that ponderous statement. What his face said was "Whoopie!"

While Harry thus jumped for joy, Joe Burk walked from bow to stern along the Harvard shell, shaking hands with the happy rowers who had just beaten what many think may be the best group of college oarsmen ever turned out of Pennsylvania.

END

After the finish Cox Tom Tiffany forgot all caution as he leaped to congratulate Stroke Art Evans, who promptly collapsed on his back (center) in a delirium of joy matched only by wet and smiling Coach Parker (opposite).

WHAT HAS GONE WRONG, JACK?

The golfers on the pro tour are not really lonesome for him, but Jack Nicklaus' rivals are wondering what went wrong in the last two months he has earned only \$5,259 and he has not won a major title since 1967 **by MARK MULVOY**

Whatever happened to Jack Nicklaus, that big blond guy who used to win most of the tournaments and most of the money? Well, last week, while the tour was in San Antonio, he was sitting at home in Florida trying to figure out whatever happened to Jack Nicklaus, too. Put flatly, Nicklaus is in the worst slump of his career. "I'm playing medium lousy," he says with a laugh, but for the last two months he really hasn't been that good, not for a golfer with a string of titles that reaches all the way back to Columbus. Consider Nicklaus' record over the past two months:

Jacksonville—finished 27th, earning \$642.50

National Airlines—missed the cut.

Greensboro—skipped the tournament.

Masters finished 24th, earning \$1,800.

Tournament of Champions—finished 16th in a field of only 28, shooting an 80 and 76 and earning \$2,816.67.

Byron Nelson Classic—skipped tournament.

Greater New Orleans Open—missed cut.

Texas Open—skipped tournament.

In short, in the last eight tournaments Nicklaus has skipped three, missed the cut in two others and, in the three he did finish, has earned a total of \$5,259.17, which is a few dollars less than the amount of his average check for each tournament in which he played during his first seven years as a pro.

When you stand back and inspect Nicklaus' career, it becomes apparent that his slump, while accentuated by his poor play in the last two months, goes well beyond that. What has made Nicklaus one of the most remarkable golfers of all time is his ability to win not only a lot of tournaments but a lot of major

ones. In 1962, his first year as a pro, he beat Palmer in a playoff for the U.S. Open and won two other tournaments as well. In 1963 he took the Masters, the PGA and three others. In 1964 he won four more tournaments, though no major titles. He captured his second Masters in 1965 (by nine strokes), plus four other tournaments. In 1966 it was Masters No. 3, the British Open and two others. He won the U.S. Open for the second time in 1967, plus four other events on the pro tour. At 27, Nicklaus had won seven major titles (to say nothing about his two U.S. Amateur championships), 19 other tournaments and almost three-quarters of a million dollars. And it seemed as though his best golf was still ahead of him.

But in 1968, Nicklaus had the worst year of his career. Worst for Nicklaus meant two victories (his lowest total ever) and \$155,285.55 in prize money. He was never a contender in any of the three major U.S. championships and, in fact, he did not make the cut at the PGA. (As well as winning all three—Masters, U.S. Open, PGA—he has now missed the cut in all of them.) Although he finished second in the U.S. Open, Nicklaus never was a strong threat to win. He won both his tournaments in August, back to back at the Western Open in Chicago and the American Golf Classic in Akron. The rest of the year, though, Nicklaus played like a rookie—missing the cut here, shooting 75s there. He probably switched drivers and putters more than any player on the tour.

At first glance there seemed to be an obvious explanation for Nicklaus' poor showing in 1968. He was actively involved in the PGA-player hassle, serving as a member of the Tournament Committee and later as an organizer of the revolt of the APG against the stifled PGA Establishment. From Au-

gust on he attended meetings before, during and after every tournament and defended himself against bitter verbal attacks by various officials of the PGA. It was easy to see why he was distracted.

This year, Nicklaus started playing with a vengeance. He played well and finished sixth in the Crosby, his first start, and then he won the Andy Williams-San Diego Open and its \$30,000 first place check. The rest of the pros on the tour were wary. They knew that if Nicklaus had his mind on golf they would be playing for second place every week.

However, the following week Jack finished only 16th in the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs and since then he has earned less money than your club pro. Nicklaus' slump has not hurt his bankroll, he might play better if it did. Mark McCormack, the lawyer who manages Nicklaus and also Palmer, says, "Sure, I would like him to win every week. But this has had no effect on what we are doing for him. Jack is a very salable commodity." "When Nicklaus shoots one of his 76s or 80s, McCormack is among the first on the phone to congratulate him. 'I kid him about it,' McCormack continues. "He's been a little casual about his golf and he can be so damn good."

So, now, the question: What is wrong with Jack Nicklaus? Probably nothing permanent. Nicklaus is bored by the thought of playing in the weekly classics, festivals, invitationals and opens that comprise the long, long PGA tour schedule. He has won most of them and finds it difficult to convince himself that winning a tournament in San Antonio is more important than, well, fishing for tarpon in the Florida Keys or just plain sunbathing with the wife and kids on some remote reef in the Bahamas. Thanks to his past successes, Nicklaus can afford to do that.



One thing nobody understands about Nicklaus is that his list of priorities differs considerably from the list of most athletes. It sounds true to say, but Nicklaus is an old-fashioned family man. He likes to be up in the morning when his two boys, Jackie, 7, and Steve, 6, leave for school and he likes to be home when they return in the afternoon. He will spend his afternoons with them on a boat or in a bowling alley or on a golf course or playing basketball, baseball or football. At night after dinner the boys and the Nicklauses' only girl, Nancy, pile into the power boat docked outside their back door at Lost Tree Village, Fla. and go for a long ride on Lake Worth.

This fascination with home life, highly creditable though it may be, is not necessarily the best preparation for tournament golf. Certainly Nicklaus has found it difficult to concentrate on the little white ball with his name on it. Before the Masters tournament last month Jack went for a checkup with his only teacher, Jack Grout, the pro who introduced him to the game at Scioto in Columbus.

"Jack is swinging the club well, and his putting stroke is just beautiful," Grout said last week. "The problem seems to be that he is not organized as far as concentrating and practicing on his putting. I don't think he has given it enough time—either mentally or on the practice green. When he starts to bear down on it more in his mind, they'll fall for him like they always have."

In the meantime, Nicklaus struggles along. In the old days of the tour Jack could shoot a 74 and then a 72 and not worry too much about making a cut. Now a 74, a 72 and one airline ticket get you an early trip to the next tournament. Two weeks ago Nicklaus shot a 74 and then a 70 at New Orleans and did not make the cut.

"It used to be that if I shot a 74 and a 70 the first two rounds that I would be in a good position to win. For instance, if I had shot a 65 and a 66 the last two rounds at New Orleans, and that was not impossible there, I would have tied for first. But I didn't even get to play."

Now summer is coming, and Nicklaus generally plays well in the summer. Maybe then everyone will know where Jack Nicklaus is.

END

Rebels Any Way You Cut It

Bearding the Establishment is the fashion these days, and three stars with hair-trigger tempers are going along with the hair-raising trend—burned and barbed in rebellion. But their close and not-so-close shaves provide sport with some of its topknottiest moments



Bristling Richie Allen, who says his mutton chops addar him to the young, insulted Cardinal Pitcher Joe Horner to fight. The day before

Allen was fined \$1,000 when he didn't show up for a game—he missed two fights by, uh, a hairbreadth, he explained. Pretty bush (y).



"I'm not concerned with an image. I do what I want to do because I want to do it," said Bill Hartack, typically, when asked why he wore a beard while riding at Bay Meadows last December. He has since shaved and has shaved. The word is that he will receive only a portion of his Kentucky Derby winnings. The IRS is appropriating the rest in payment for back taxes.

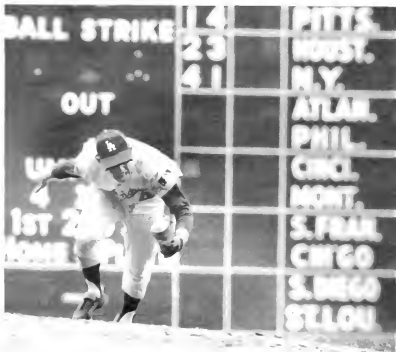
Joe Namath knows when hair is an asset and when it is not. Schick paid him \$15,000 to shave his Fu Manchu last December. In April he wore a natty beard while accepting a \$1.8 million check for shares in his restaurant chain. Ten days later Namath faced charges of drunken and careless driving. He was clean-cut in court, declared sober and fined \$50 for speeding.



SOME KIDS MAKE A SAD MAN HAPPY

After the disastrous 1968 season Los Angeles' 57-year-old manager, Walt Alston, vowed to find some hitters. He did, and his wolf pack of post-teens has transformed the Dodgers by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The game between the Los Angeles Dodgers and Chicago Cubs had moved into the 12th inning at Wrigley Field in Chicago last week and once again the Dodgers had the go-ahead run at second base. Inning after inning it had seemed that the Dodgers were about to score, but again and again they had failed. The young man leading off second was Ted Sizemore, a 24-year-old with less than one month of active duty on a major league team and fewer than 100 games behind him in the minors. Sizemore had reached second base by means of his third hit of the day, a single, and by a sacrifice bunt. But with



RAW ROOKIE TED SIZEMORE COMES UP WITH A SIZZLING LINE DRIVE AT SHORTSTOP IN SATURDAY'S 4-1 VICTORY OVER THE PIRATES

two outs he knew one thing—he was going to go home on any ball hit through the infield.

Sizemore looked in toward the batter's box at Willie Crawford, a 22-year-old left-handed hitter who had been given \$100,000 of Walter O'Malley's money five years before in hopes that someday he would become a Dodger hitter strong enough to propel a pitched baseball beyond the limits of the infield. Crawford swung. He punched a line drive to left field and Sizemore took off as fast as his charming legs could carry him. He flew around third and came to the plate in a long slide, beating the throw from the outfield. Having gone across home plate once and been ruled safe by the umpire, Sizemore rose and went back and touched home plate again. "I was going to try to score," Sizemore said, "even if I was thrown out by 100 miles, and I went back to touch the plate just to make sure that there wouldn't be any doubt about it."

On the cover of this week's issue Ted Sizemore is the young man on the immediate right of Walter Alston, the manager of the Dodgers. The smile on Alston's face has been put there not only by Sizemore but by Bill Sudakis (far left), Bill Grabarkewitz (right), and pronounced grub-bark-uh-witz) and a group of other young Dodgers who have helped to make the race in the National League's Western Division currently more exciting than any of the other three divisions in baseball. At the end of last week the Dodgers, predicted to finish the season in the low-rent districts, were making like a contending team. Seldom in recent seasons has Alston's smile been as wide.

The entire Dodger team was doing weird things. One day Alston sat down with his lineup card and a ballpoint pen and wrote the names of five youngsters in starting positions. Sizemore, Sudakis and Grabarkewitz played second, third and short, Bill Russell played right field and John Mauer played first. Their average age was 23, and even at the end of a season it is rare that five rookies appear in a big-league lineup at the same time.

In one inning Los Angeles scored nine runs against the Pittsburgh Pirates, something no Dodger club has done in 14 years. "Has anyone checked," asked



CHARGING ROOKIE THIRD BASEMAN BILL SUDAKIS SLIDES HOME IGNORING BAD THROW

Pittsburgh Manager Larry Shepard, "to see if water is still going over Niagara Falls?" Los Angeles was even hitting home runs and had more than San Francisco and Atlanta, supposedly the power teams in the Western Division. Normally the Dodgers survive on nothing stronger than flower power, but five of them—Sizemore, Russell, Wes Parker, Andy Kosco and Tom Haller—were hitting between .280 and .310, and L.A. fans of long standing were wondering just what this young and strange team is all about.

The Dodgers had barely been heard from since the Baltimore Orioles swept them aside in the 1966 World Series. During the past two seasons they finished a total of 49½ games behind the St. Louis Cardinals, and attendance in Chavez Ravine tumbled more than a million after Sandy Koufax retired and Maury Wills was dispatched to Montreal by way of Pittsburgh. The only Dodger left from the days of Brooklyn was Don Drysdale, who gave the team its few hours in the sun last year when he pitched 58 2/3 consecutive innings without giving up a run.

But while almost nobody noticed it, the current success of the Dodgers started to take hold in the dying days of the 1968 season after Drysdale had been hurt. Following his brilliant spurt, a shoulder injury put him on the disabled

list for the final six weeks of the season. Los Angeles was in 10th place with 30 games remaining and everything seemed futile. But some of the younger Los Angeles pitchers got a chance to work and they immediately began to prove that they could throw both hard and well. Bill Singer, only 25, Don Sutton, 24, and Alan Foster, 22, pitched brilliantly during the final month. Singer and Sutton won nine games and lost only three while Foster compiled an earned run average of 1.69. Equally as important was the arrival of Sudakis from the farm team in Albuquerque, where for two years he had shown excellent power.

Like Jim Lefebvre, Wes Parker and Paul Popovich, Sudakis was a switch hitter, and Walter Alston loves switch hitters. In fact his grandson Robin (for Roberts) Dean (for Dizzy) Ogle, a high school sophomore in Ohio, also switches bats, thanks to Alston's instruction. Sudakis began to hit as soon as he wiggled into a Los Angeles uniform and, combined with the pitching of Singer, Sutton and Foster, the Dodgers won 20 of their final 30 games to finish the year in seventh place. When the season ended, thought Alston counted up the total number of runs his club had scored during the year and was amazed. The Dodgers had managed to touch home plate only 470 times, and Alston knew that when the spring of 1969 arrived he was

continued



OLDEST REGULAR DODGER and only survivor of Brooklyn days is Dan Drysdale



YOUNGEST IRREGULAR DODGER is Bill Russell, an outfielder and only 20 years old

going to have to find some hitting sense where.

With one-sixth of this season completed, Los Angeles has already scored 140 times—almost twice as often as in 1968—and much of the credit for this can be attributed to a crash course during spring training. When the Dodgers went to Vero Beach they did so with an approach totally different from past springs. The emphasis was placed on hitting, and Dixie Walker was hired as a batting instructor. He spent hours in the cages with both young and older players. "Never before," says Wes Parker, "had there been so much time spent on hitting. We would hit until hitters developed on our hands. Dixie talked to us in his own quiet way about what to do with each pitch."

Like several other teams, Los Angeles purchased one of the new pitching machines that can deliver curveballs, but unlike the rest, the Dodgers used the machine in games. A pitcher would take the mound and go through his entire motion—but the machine did the pitching. Its dials would be set to throw right-handed curves for five or six innings and then left-handed curves for five or six more. Under this system the pitching staff was not worn out by throwing too much batting practice, and the hitters got as much hitting as is possible in games of 10 and 12 innings.

The day the season began, it looked as though the Dodgers were heading for a quick disaster. The first two men to face Drysdale in Cincinnati, Pete Rose and Bob Tolan, homered. But Los Angeles rallied to win the game 3-2 and odd, un-Dodger-like things have been happening ever since. When the team got home to Dodger Stadium it scored 23 runs in the first two games while yielding but one. That was news. The Dodgers followed these unexpected performances by winning three games in their last times at bat and people began to wonder what on earth Los Angeles was doing. What the Dodgers were doing, of course, was hitting. Stranger yet, the hitters were mostly new and young.

"My first day at Vero Beach this spring," says Drysdale, "I started to put on my uniform and look around. I had to get a stool and sit down because I never felt so old in my life. Here were all these kids and most of them I had never seen before. Lord! Were they ever young-looking!"

Sizemore was one of the first to catch Drysdale's eye. Only 5' 10", he did not hit for power but he hit the ball almost every time he stepped into the batter's box. His limited experience in the minor leagues had covered only 270 games, but he had caught at Spokane and played the outfield, and his adaptability and versatility promptly convinced the Dodgers that they should send him to the Arizona Instructional League to learn to play second base. He adapted to that, too, which meant that last week he was switched to shortstop. What would you expect of a minor league catcher-outfielder-second baseman at major league shortstop? Why, that he would handle 11 chances without an error in a game against the Cubs, which is what Sizemore did last week. Although he failed to get a hit in his first two games as a Dodger, he broke open the third game with four runs batted in. Until this season the only two major league ball parks he had ever seen were Tiger Stadium in Detroit, where he went to Pershing High School, and Crosley Field in Cincinnati, and he only saw Crosley Field when he passed by it in a car.

Russell, at 20 the youngest of the Dodgers new or old, is a fine defensive outfielder who spent last season at Bakersfield in the Class A California League. Not too many people thought he would stay with the Dodgers this year. "He is a remarkable kid," says Alston, "one you don't see come along very often. He learns fast and doesn't make the same mistake twice. I realize it's a long jump for him but I gave him a chance to play himself off the team and he did just the opposite." Russell hit 17 homers at Bakersfield and he also stole 23 bases. He was off nobody's team.

Graharkewitz was born in Lockhart, Texas, and now lives in San Antonio, where he spent the past winter working as a reporter in the sports department of the *San Antonio Light*. At Alamo Heights he lettered in baseball, basketball, football, track and golf. Even by Texas standards that is pretty much. Although Graharkewitz is currently suffering from an ankle injury, Alston uses him as a pinch runner because he has stolen 91 bases in three minor league seasons—and one of those was not a complete season. Graharkewitz has big league speed.

Alston realizes he is putting a lot of pressure on these youngsters but, as always, he is a realist. "You never really

continued

Dodge



How I learned to swing, by Lee Trevino

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Lower your dandruff handicap. Get with a winner. Head & Shoulders. The Casper of shampoos.

know what will happen to youngsters when you put a major league uniform on them," he says. "Some respond to it in a way you would never expect and do more than you might think possible of them. Certainly they are going to make mistakes and our rookies already have, but you have to face up to the fact that we finished in the second division for two straight seasons and things had to change after that."

Before they knew what the youngsters might produce this season, the Dodgers traded with the Yankees for Andy Kosco, a powerful right-handed hitter who was second on the New York team last season in runs batted in with 59. With home plate at Dodger Stadium moved out 10 feet toward the fences, Kosco's power is more of a factor than the club thought it had bargained for. In his first game there Kosco hit a grand-slam homer. He has already hit three of his total of six in that park; in all of 1968 no Dodger hit more than four.

This week the Dodgers return home for a nine-game stand against Pittsburgh, Chicago and St. Louis, and during this period the rest of baseball will be watching both the young Dodgers and Drysdale, who at 32 is the longest-surviving member of the team that moved out of Ebbetts Field 11 years ago. Drysdale, his shoulder hurt again, currently is on the disabled list. He blew way up in weight but recently has been reducing. Soon he will begin throwing, hopefully in the old way, attempting to come back to the greatness that has marked him for the past dozen seasons as one of the finest pitchers and toughest competitors in the game. Drysdale has won more games than any Dodger in history (205) but, as he says, "I just won't go out and embarrass myself or the ball club when I'm not 100%." It is now between my arm and medical science. If I could come back and help this team win, I would rate it as one of the finest things that ever happened to me."

Who, almost any old Brooklyn fan might ask, can replace a Don Drysdale? Well, there is another boy of 22, in the minor leagues at Spokane, who has an earned run average of 1.93. People on Bedford Avenue should sit down and cry about this for awhile; his name is Sandy Vance.

If lightning ever strikes in the same place twice, the Brooklyn-L.A. Dodgers are 10.

END

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WHERE THE HORSE ABIDES

Along a quiet Suffolk, England country lane, Newmarket horses ride out to early work on the Heath. From the opening meeting of its flat-racing season in April to the weeklong Tattersall bloodstock sales in December, nothing matters at Newmarket but the racing and breeding of Thoroughbreds. The photographs on the following six pages record the life of a town celebrated for racing since King Charles II instituted the first oup race there in 1665 as—"a prize to be contested on the second Thursday in October forever." It still is.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM





A string of horses files across Newmarket Heath through a thin blanket of morning mist. Top left, they gallop up Warren Hill, overlooking the town. Fifty stud farms flourish around Newmarket, and one of their foremost sires today is Acropolis, shown in formal portrait. Below that stallions are

at morning exercise in the leafy spring green of Egerton Stud. Hyperion, at bottom, six times England's champion sire, still dominates the entrance to Lord Derby's historical Woodlands Stud. Few horses have had as much influence on the breed as this mighty little chestnut.







Charles II loved Newmarket, and one of his houses, now the Rutland Arms (left), still stands in the High Street. Many trainers and jockeys have made Newmarket their home; Fred Archer, the outstanding 19th-century jockey, is buried here. Such is the fame of Newmarket boots and saddles that riders come from all over the world to be fitted. Racing silks, including the Queen's colors, are painstakingly sewn and harness made and repaired as they have been for 300 years.





FROM CHARLES TO ELIZABETH

by Clive Graham

More than 120 years ago Admiral Rous, late of the Royal Navy, said in testimony before a select committee set up by Parliament: "In my opinion, men of the highest integrity and the highest honor are members of the turf. When I come back to England, I can conceive it the most delightful society in the world, and there is no society equal to the society I meet at Newmarket."

In today's turbulent world, the gentle traditionalism of Newmarket is even more pronounced. The little East Anglian township, 70 miles northeast of London, with a population of 11,460 at the last census, has not changed essentially since the last half of the 17th century, when King Charles II and his courtiers regularly despoiled themselves there. True, the scene is not entirely the same. Most of the old buildings are gone—a house used by Charles still stands, but only vestiges of his palace—and the architecture of the town is redolent with depressing examples of mid-Victorian taste. But the straight Rowley Mile of Britain's most famous racetrack still exists, and across it runs the ancient landmark called the Devil's Dyke, an eight-mile welt of scar tissue cut across the flat landscape as a defensive rampart by either the Romans or a group of ancient Britons called Iceni.

Never mind who built it—the Dyke had been there 15 or 20 centuries when racing began at Newmarket during the reign of James I, albeit in James' day coursing and hawking were more important. The history of Newmarket as a racing center really dates from the era of Charles II, who would take his court (including his special favorite, Nell Gwyn) to course, hawk, hunt and race there each spring and autumn. Charles won numerous races on Newmarket Heath, and his nickname, Old Rowley, still survives in the official name of the straight mile (his courtiers called the king Old Rowley after a stallion in the royal mews).

Once firmly established in Newmarket, racing never lost its hold there, although during the 18th century it became obvious that some sort of supervision and control was needed. The Jockey Club, which sprang into being 200 years ago in a fashionable London coffee house, made its headquarters in Newmarket High Street, and the modern Jockey Club rooms stand there today.

The Earl of Derby has his Newmarket house and stables off the Bury Road, and nearby is his stud farm, with John Skeaping's splendid life-size statue of Hypenon. The Duke of Devonshire, whose ancestral racing silks of "straw" were among the first colors registered on the British turf, is an active Jockey Club steward.

The last remaining club "whose membership is con-

fined strictly to gentlemen" has nonetheless been obliged to stay abreast of the times. A striking example of this occurred in 1968 when it was decided to give a new look and a \$2 million face-lift to the bleak old Rowley Mile stands, streamline the organization and management of Newmarket Heath's 2,500 acres (with its two racetracks and 30 miles of galloping courses) and safeguard the financial structure of Newmarket in a modern, realistic way. Every horse in training at Newmarket costs its owner a special annual fee of £20, known as the "heath tax," and an extra two guineas is levied whenever any horse uses the new watered exercise strip that runs parallel to the Rowley Mile. The exercise strip was built three years ago, and the water that keeps it lush and green comes from artesian wells bored into the chalk substratum (the bone-building chalk contributes significantly, of course, to Newmarket's reputation as a favored training and breeding area). Forty trainers, with 700 employees and 1,200 horses, are regularly quartered at Newmarket, and the town is the focal point of 50 stud farms scattered about the countryside. The most famous of these is the National Stud, which functions primarily as a stallion station for Never Say Die, Tudor Melody and Stupendous, horses that are technically the property of the British taxpayer.

Along with the training stables, the stud farms, the historic racecourses and the historic races (the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, the Middle Park Stakes, the Champion Stakes, the July Stakes), Newmarket is renowned as the site of the Tattersall sale, annually the world's most important sale of racehorses, both financially and in number of horses auctioned. Tattersalls started in 1766 and for years divided the sales between Newmarket and Doncaster, but Doncaster was dropped a decade ago and activities concentrated at Newmarket. The week-long sale in December attracts buyers, sellers and visitors from all over the globe. Last December gross sales exceeded \$8 million, and horses were sold to buyers from 34 different countries. It was at Tattersalls in 1967 that Vaguely Noble fetched the record price for a 2-year-old sold at public auction: \$342,720.

Yes, Newmarket's life is horses, and a stroll down the High Street past the White Hart, the red-bricked Jockey Club rooms and the Rutland Arms offers evidence at every hand, with the shops displaying riding breeches and boots, saddles and bridles, jockeys' whips and racing colors. And the royal presence is still alive: the old firm of D. Gilbert & Son, recently taken over by the amateur rider Hugh McCalmont, whose father owned the famous spotted racer The Tetrarch, proudly carries the royal warrant of appointment as saddler and maker of colors for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, whose great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother's first cousin was Charles II.

END

On a racing day the grounds at Newmarket are reminiscent of a classic English landscape. The Tattersall sales are held in the chaote, serene interior of Park Paddocks.



PART II The Grizzly Bear Murder Case

Terrible claws turned an August evening of wondrous starlight into a dark appointment with death for two young hikers in Glacier National Park

by Jack Olsen

A NIGHT OF HORROR



CONTINUED

Lying in his uncomfortable bed in Granite Park Chalet on the night of Aug. 12, Dr. John Lipinski laughed to himself as he thought about the situation. Thirteen years before, he and his wife Ann had grown tired of the increasing congestion in the city of Chicago and decided to head for the Wild West, where they could indulge their love of nature and spend day after day hiking on wilderness trails. Lipinski was a surgeon and his wife was a nurse, and when they had set up practice in the lumber town of Kalispell, Mont., the demands on their skills had been so incessant that it had taken them four years to find the time to make their first overnight hike, into Sperry Chalet, to see the mountain goats. Now, eight years after that momentous occasion, they were on their second overnight hike, into Granite Park to see the bears. With them were their daughter Terese, 16, and their two sons, Robin, 5, and Karl, 4.

Dr. Lipinski drifted off to sleep, but Ann pitched and tossed. Now and then she would hear a brief snore from her husband, but her mind raced. Slowly her thoughts became more and more indistinct, blessed sleep on its way at last. Just then she heard a muffled scream. It seemed to come from the direction of one of the outside bathrooms, and it occurred to the nurse that someone was being attacked. She shook her husband.

"John!" she said. "There's a lady in trouble! John, did you hear the lady scream?"

"Now why in the world would a lady be screaming way up here?" Dr. Lipinski asked thickly.

Outside, the wall of silence fell again. Not a whisper of wind disturbed the night and Ann Lipinski let her head fall back on the mattress. She was absolutely certain she had heard a female scream, but for the life of her she could not figure out how to communicate the fact to her husband. She was pondering the problem when an unmistakable, distinct scream shattered the night. Both Lipinskis were on their feet instantly and rushing out to the balcony. As they did, they heard a far-off woman's voice cry, "Get out! Get out! Get away from me!" As the doctor and the nurse peered into the dark night, trying to pinpoint the sound, the voice came clear and terrible across the stillness from below: "God help me, he's stabbing me!" There were

a few seconds of silence, then: "God help me! Somebody help me!"

Terese was the only member of the Lipinski family who was dressed. Her parents sent her downstairs to awaken the management. Now they knew beyond any question that something was wrong. Ann Lipinski thought she had it figured out, and she told her husband, "My Lord, we've got a murder on our hands." Her husband did not disagree.

Terese banged loudly on the first door she came to, and in a few seconds a young woman appeared and asked what was the trouble. Terese recognized Joan Devereaux, the ranger-naturalist who had guided them into the place. Terese blurted out that someone was screaming and could be heard from the balcony above. The ranger said gently, "You've been dreaming. Nobody's cried out. Now just go back to bed." Although Joan was only 22 years old and barely out of college, she had a great sense of responsibility and leadership. It was natural for her to try to calm the (as it seemed to her) nervous fear of a child.

But Terese insisted and several minutes went by before she was able to convince the drowsy naturalist that something was amiss. Wearily, Joan agreed to go upstairs and see what she could hear. When one of the kitchen workers came into the room to find out what was happening, the naturalist told her to get the chalet's packset radio and turn it on, just in case. Then she finished lacing her boots, turned to Terese and said, "Let's go."

Inkeeper Tom Walton and his wife Nancy were sound asleep in their upstairs room when a loud banging on their door woke them both. Tom looked at his watch, it was 12:45. Hastily yanking on a pair of old Levi's, he walked out to the balcony. He recognized Joan Devereaux and the Lipinski family and a few others standing quietly, listening to the silence.

"I heard screams and so did my husband," Mrs. Lipinski said.

"From what direction?" Walton asked.

"Straight down," Dr. Lipinski said.

"What's down there?"

"A campground."

"Well, somebody's in trouble down there."

Tom Walton still did not agree, but when Dr. Lipinski suggested that someone holler in the direction of the noises

and ask if everything was in order, the young innkeeper said he could see no harm in that. Dr. Lipinski cupped his hands and shouted, "Is everything O.K.?"

From a point to the right of the campgrounds, and more from the direction of the trail cabin, a barely discernible male voice floated back on the still night air. "No!" the voice answered.

"What's the trouble?"

The voice answered, "Bear!"

Near the trail cabin 500 yards below the chalet, Don Gullett was lying in his sleeping bag looking at his watch and wondering what had awakened him. He heard a noise but thought he was dreaming, and was surprised when he rolled over on his side to see someone standing at the foot of his sleeping bag. As he watched sleepily, Gullett saw the dimly outlined figure slump to its knees, then fall flat. Gullett looked closely into the eyes of a teen-aged boy and recognized Roy Ducat. Young Ducat was alternately giggling and babbling, and Gullett realized that he was in shock. "A bear got ahold of me," the boy was saying. "I tried playing dead, but it didn't help. He dragged her off. You have to go after her! Oh, please, forget about me! The bear dragged her away."

Everything had happened in seconds, and Gullett was still not entirely awake. He slid out of his sleeping bag and said to himself, "This guy can't be real." To the boy, he said simply, "You've got to be kidding me." But then he saw the boy's arm was dangling and bloodstains were creeping along his upper pant legs. All at once Gullett was wide awake and running toward the chalet for help.

"Wait!" the younger boy shouted, "Come back! Don't leave me here. Take me to the others!"

Gullett helped the boy crawl and lurch toward the Klems' camp about 30 feet away. All the way along the painful journey, Roy kept repeating, "The bear got the girl! It got the girl! Somebody has to help her! The bear dragged her away!" He repeated words like these when the two of them reached the Klems.

By now there was no doubt in Gullett's or the Klems' minds about what had happened or about the fact that a dangerous bear was loose in the area, and everyone headed for the safety of the trail cabin. It was securely locked. Gullett wrapped the wounded boy in

NIGHT OF HORROR *continued*

ripped down a set of bedspreads that had been nailed across the window to keep out the bears. Several of the men took handholds on Ducat's sleeping bag and lifted him gently to the springs. The weakened boy kept asking about the girl. "Where is she?" he said. "Did you find her yet?" Dr. Lipinski told him to rest and save his strength, and a small party of stretcher bearers under the surgeon's direction began climbing up toward the chalet. The boy was taken inside and placed on one of the dining-room tables. Dr. Lipinski rolled up his sleeves to go to work.

About half of the original rescue party had remained below at the trail cabin, some of them in the expectation that they would start searching for the girl, others simply to give aid and comfort to Joan Devereaux, who was frantically trying to raise headquarters on her pack-vet radio. Joan remembered that the headquarters call number was 720, and she said over and over, "Seven-two-oh, seven-two-oh, this is Granite Park Chalet. We have a bear emergency here." When this brought no response, she began repeating the park's emergency code. "Code three emergency! Code three emergency! Bear attack! Bear attack!" Again there was no answer, and the excited young naturalist regretted her lack of familiarity with the equipment she had never expected to have to use.

Suddenly a clear "10-four" crackled across the still night air in response. The

speaker identified himself as Ranger Bert Gildart, said he was on his way over the Divide in his patrol car, and instructed Granite Park Chalet to stand by while he made contact with headquarters and tried to put the two in touch with each other. Minutes later another voice, deep and calm and reassuring, came through the speaker. It was Fire Control Officer Gary Bunney, speaking from the park's fire headquarters and asking what the problem was. "A mauling! We had a mauling!" Joan shouted hysterically.

"Ten-four," the calm voice returned. "You had a mauling. What do you need?"

Now the nervous girl seemed to calm slightly, and, spacing out her words but still almost shouting, she said, "We have-a-doctor. We-do-not-need-a-doctor. We-need-medical-supplies."

"Ten-four," the calm voice answered. "Tell me exactly what supplies."

Dr. Lindan took the microphone and began listing what was needed. When the medical information had been transmitted, Naturalist Devereaux informed headquarters that there was a possibility that another person had been dragged away by the bear, and Bunney told her that help was en route.

"All right," Dr. Lindan said to the group when the radio again fell silent, "now we go and find the girl."

Tom Walton said, "Wait a minute, let's think about it."

Everybody looked toward Joan Devereaux. She was a slip of a girl and barely out of college, but she was wearing the dark green uniform of the National Park Service and therefore she was *ipso facto* the leader. She thought for a moment and announced flatly that no one was going to head into the black night and look for the girl—they were going to return to the chalet and wait for professional help. Dr. Lindan said he did not understand. "We must save the girl," he said. The ranger-naturalist replied that it would be a foolhardy move when they did not even know in what direction she had disappeared.

Hurried conversations broke out. Father Connolly sided with Dr. Lindan. "There's no time to stand here arguing," the priest said. "The girl might be bleeding to death while we talk."

The naturalist said that there was no point in risking anyone else's life when help was already on the way. She prevailed and the group trudged back to the chalet.

Nancy Walton had been sitting on the balcony with some of the other women, listening to a strange sound in the night. It sounded like a low moaning. Someone had suggested that it might be an owl, but someone else pointed out that owls were rare around Granite Park. It was only later that Nancy and the others realized they had heard the moans of the grizzly's victim.

While the two doctors were looking Roy Ducat over, another man came out of the darkness and introduced himself as a physician from Malmstrom Air Force Base. When Joan Devereaux heard the news, she breathed a silent prayer of thanks. Not only were there three doctors in attendance but Dr. Lipinski's wife was a registered nurse, and except for the fact there were almost no medical supplies on the premises, there was every chance to hope for the boy's recovery.

Dr. Lindan had stepped back as the surgeon, Lipinski, had taken over the medical procedures, and at the quiet approach of Father Connolly, Dr. Lindan reported softly that the boy was going to survive and he would like to begin on the rescue of the girl as quickly as possible. Father Connolly agreed and went to round up others. In a few minutes a party of eight or 10 would be rescuers was ready to depart, but Joan Devereaux intercepted them and told them that a rescue helicopter and an armed ranger



Roy Ducat was badly mauled by a grizzly.



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would be on the scene within minutes and ordered them to wait. She and Walton hastily impressed about 20 chalet guests into duty preparing a landing site. It was ready when the throbbing lights of the helicopter appeared over the mountains to the south.

The helicopter began settling down for the landing, the four corner fires blazed high into the sky and a wide circle of guests pointed flashlights upward to outline the area. As the aircraft came within the range of the fires, embers swirled into the night air. Then, with a gentle bump and a whoosh of settling air, the helicopter was down. Even before the rotor had stopped turning, a man in ranger uniform opened the door and jumped out, cradling a rifle in his arms. Wifling hands reached into the aircraft for the medical supplies, which were rushed into the improvised operating room.

Still in Don Gullett's blue sleeping bag, Ducat was lifted to the seat alongside helicopter pilot John Westover and whisked away in the night. All this was completed in 10 or 15 minutes, and at last Joan Devereaux turned to her superior ranger and said, "Now we've got to go find the girl."

Gary Bunney said, "You stay here and handle the radio. I'll take the men and go down."

As the posse of searchers disappeared on the trail to the cabin below, the weary naturalist went inside the chalet dining room to put the radio back on the air. Dr. Lupinski told her, "Let me know when they bring in the girl," and disappeared in the direction of his room.

There was no way in which the news of the tragic events at Granite Park could reach the five sleeping campers at Trout Lake. They lay undisturbed until, sometime between 2 and 3 in the morning, Denise Huckle found herself awake and listening intently to a splashing sound that was coming from the shallow water alongside the camp. Her dog Squirt pushed himself up on his front paws and peered into the night toward the sound, and when a low growl began to issue from the puppy's throat, Denise grabbed him and stuffed him under her sleeping bag. She thought she could make out the silhouette of a bear and she did not want Squirt to antagonize the animal. When the sounds seemed to move away, Denise woke the others and told them what she had heard. After a few

minutes of silence, the Noseck brothers scrambled out and rebuilt the fire, by now only a bed of dull embers. They set a sack of cookies on the edge of a driftwood log, fanned up the fire once again and returned to their bags. Within a few minutes they all saw a bear walk to the edge of the camp, grab up the cookie bag in a huge paw, and disappear. The five frightened campers decided to lie awake, feed the fire and wait for dawn. It was 3 o'clock. Once again the bear began splashing in the shallow water below the camp, and almost simultaneously a woofing sound seemed to come from the woods above. For a few minutes the companions of the night discussed whether bears attacked in packs or couples, and finally decided that they did not. By 4 a.m. the noises had stopped and most of the campers had pulled the bags over their heads and gone back to sleep.

It was 4:30 and the fire had fallen to embers again when Denise heard a splash and narrowed her eyes to peer into the night and saw a bear coming at a lope straight from the shoreline toward the center of the camp. When the bear was four or five feet away and she could make out its head and upper body clearly, Denise pulled the sleeping bag over herself and Squirt just as the dog began a high-pitched squeal. Lying perfectly still inside the warm bag, the terrified girl heard a ripping noise that sounded like shredding canvas, but then there was a silence broken only by the deep breathing and grunting of the grizzly.

Paul Dunn woke up to see the huge form of the bear standing next to him. Noiselessly, the boy slithered back into his bag and tried to remain absolutely still. He heard the bear making more sniffing sounds, and suddenly he realized that the sniffs were getting closer. Then something crunched into the bag and took a firm grip on his sweatshirt. Instinctively the boy threw back the flap and scrambled to his feet, slamming into the bear in the process and shouting to no one in particular, "The goddam bear tore my shirt!" When the grizzly reared up as though to attack, Paul dashed to a tree and climbed 30 or 40 feet in a matter of seconds, ripping and cutting his chest and his legs on the desperate ascent. When he reached the safety of the top, he looked down and saw the bear crouching lazily below.

Lying in bags side by side, Denise

and Ron Noseck saw the bear amble over to Paul Dunn's tree, a few feet outside the semicircle of campers, and Ron decided that the time had come to run for trees of their own. Noseck told Denise to run, and when she did not move he yanked her from the sleeping bag and gave her a shove. The couple ran about 50 yards in the direction of the original camp, and as they ran they heard Paul Dunn shouting down from his tree-top. They reached a slight incline and stopped, gasping for breath, as the puppy came bounding up. Ron boosted the girl up a tree, threw the dog to her, then shinned up a tree of his own.

From his observation point almost directly above the camp, Paul Dunn saw everything that happened within the small circle of reddish light thrown off by the dying fire. He saw Ron and Denise run down the shoreline, followed by the puppy, and then he saw the grizzly walk toward Ray Noseck's sleeping bag and begin sniffing rapidly. When the bear turned momentarily toward Michele Koone's bag, Ray came out of his own as though shot from a gun and headed down the lake toward Denise and Ron, shouting as he ran, "Get out of your bag and run for it!"

Paul holed at Michele. "Get out! Get out! Unzip and get out!"

The bear clamped its jaws on the side of the sleeping bag and Paul heard the girl scream. When the animal reared the bag with its claws, Michele cried out, "He's ripping my arm!"

"Michele!" Paul shouted. "Get out of your bag! Run and climb a tree!"

"I can't," the girl screamed. "He's got the zipper!"

Then the defenseless girl shouted, "He's got my arm... my arm is gone! Oh, my God, I'm dead!"

Paul Dunn saw the bear lift the sleeping bag in its mouth and drag it out of the circle of fire and up the hillside into the darkness. He shouted down the lake to the other three, "He's pulling her up the hill!" and then, "She's dead! She's dead!"

In the hysteria of the moment, it seemed to the 16-year-old boy that he must get dressed and join his friends, and when he figured that the bear and its helpless bundle were at least 50 yards up the hill he scrambled down the trunk and slipped on his trousers. Then he sprinted along the lake to the others and climbed another tree, and the four

continued



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survivors of the attack comforted one another and waited for the dawn.

It came at 6 a.m., an hour and a half after the attack, and while Ray attended to Denise and the dog, the two younger men ran back to the campsite and gathered up shoes and jackets. They did not walk into the dark woods to search for Michele. From somewhere up the hill in the direction the bear had taken, Ron was sure he could hear the sound of bones being crushed. The four campers yanked on their shoes and ran down the trail toward the turnoff that led up and over Howe Ridge. Denise thought she saw the bear in the brush as they ran, but she said nothing, and two hours later, after running and stumbling four miles up and down the 2,000 feet of hill, the campers burst out on the road that ran from Going to the Sun Highway along to the northern edge of Lake McDonald to Kellys Camp. A fisherman and his wife had parked at the trail head and were just starting to hike in, but they took one look at the panicky group coming out and urged them into their car. When they pulled up at the path that led to the lake and the small ranger station, the four refugees from Trout Lake asked their benefactors to keep the dog in the car. Then they rushed off to tell their story to the ranger.

Fire Control Officer Gary Bunney and his rescue party had begun their mercy mission at 2:45 a.m., almost exactly two hours after the attack in the Granite Park campground. Since they were not sure exactly where Roy Ducan and Julie Helgeson had been camping, the rescue party decided to go straight down the path to the trail cabin and try to fan out from there in the general direction of the campground. Bunney was in the lead, a powerful miner's lamp strapped to his forehead and his finger lightly touching the safety of his 300 Winchester Magnum. Right behind him were Steve Pierre, Tom Walton, Robert Klein, Father Connolly, Dr. Lindan, Monty Kuka, Don Gullett and six or eight others. They had not gone more than 100 yards down trail when they had to step over bear droppings, fresh and scenting in the cool night air, and Gary Bunney slowed the pace for a short consultation. He adjusted his head lamp so that it would shine directly on the sights of his rifle and said, "If the bear comes into sight, we'll be in a tough spot.

There's only one chance, and that's for you to shine your lights right on him and keep them shining on him, because I can't hit him in this darkness and, whether you know it or not, a grizzly can move. And remember this: stay back! Don't go moving out ahead of me, because if you do, we'll just be one big jumble of bodies out there. I won't know where I can shoot and where I can't, and a lot of people could get hurt."

As the group continued toward the trail cabin, stepping gingerly across more fresh sign, Walton focused his five-cell flashlight out ahead of the ranger, but even this powerful torch was dimming after several hours of use. Behind Walton there was a small amount of diffused reddish light coming from the fire tub dragged by the priest and fed by some of the others, but not enough to shine more than a few feet into the bushes of the timberline area.

The little camp that Roy and Julie had used turned out to be in the middle of the cleared area where the park service had hauled in material for tables and toilets and benches but had not yet put them together. Sleeping bags, shoes and camp gear were strewn about. There was an indistinct trail of blood leading up the hill toward the trail cabin, and a pool of blood soaked into a trampled patch of false hellebore a few feet down the hill. "Didn't the boy say he came uphill all the way?" Steve Pierre asked Don Gullett.

"Yes," Gullett said.

The Indian and Bunney reached the same conclusion at once. "This must be the girl's blood down here," the ranger said. "The bear must have earned her downhill."

The group spread out and began to move haltingly down the mountain. They were calling, "Julie, Julie, where are you, Julie!" But the fact of the bear's existence was uppermost in all their minds. Some of the men were banging on pots to add to the noise, and Father Connolly and an assistant continued to drag the fire tub along the ground, while others ran around trying to find scrap wood to keep the blaze high. No one wanted to be alone, but neither could they stay in a big mass and hope to find the missing girl. So the line expanded and contracted with the courage of the men and the menace of the night.

Now the Indian called out that he



Michele Kovacs was a victim at Trout Lake.

had found a trail of blood specks along the awers and the glacier lilies, and the group knotted up behind him. Within a few yards he leaned over and picked up a bloody purse, empty except for a single dollar bill. The Indian increased his pace down the slope. The men followed the Indian far down the mountain, out of sight of the chalet light, and then the bloody trail disappeared. "I'm sorry," Steve Pierre said, "but it's gone. We'll have to spread out again."

The searchers had traveled the length of a football field from the campsite. There were neither trails nor cleared areas nor further bear sign to guide them, and they moved apart reluctantly and began creeping down the slope trying to come across the trail of blood again. The line of search had dropped down another 20 yards when an alien sound began to intrude itself into the interstices of the noise-making. "Quiet!" Bunney begged. Slowly the group brought itself to order. From off to the left and slightly further down the slope, they heard a muted cry for help. The strung-out searchers reacted as a single person. They dashed headlong, tripping over logs and bushes, toward the small weak voice.

Bunney, Tom Walton and Steve Pierre were the first to reach the scene. The

continued

NIGHT OF HORROR *continued*

girl lay on her face in a hollow. Her body was ripped and torn, and she was covered with blood. To the first observers it appeared impossible that she could be alive. But when Dr. Lindan came running up and dropped to his knees over the prostrate form, the girl began to move her lips, and then everyone could hear her say, "It hurts."

"Get something to carry her on," Dr. Lindan said over his shoulder, and Monty Kuka and Don Gullett and a few others dashed back toward the trail cabin, 250 yards away, to nip off another bedspring. Dr. Lindan examined the girl. Somehow she had managed to roll her blood-drenched blouse into a ball and slip it under her head for a pillow. She wore cutoff jeans and there were puncture holes and long nips in the back of her pant legs. Her hair was matted with blood and dirt, and a foam of blood was oozing from holes in both left and right thorax regions.

Dr. Lindan recognized these "sucking wounds" as an immediate threat to the

girl's life. One lung was already collapsed, and the punctures made it impossible for her to breathe normally. Her facial and neck muscles were contorted and throbbing as they worked to replace the oxygen that was hissing out of the holes in her chest faster than it could be replaced. Quickly Dr. Lindan placed compresses on the holes and banded them as tightly as he could. He started to turn the girl over gently, and she said, "Cold, cold." Dr. Lindan ripped off his shirt and covered her.

When the slow procession of shouting men appeared to be approaching up the mountain, Joan woke Dr. Lipinski. As soon as Julie Helgeson was transferred from the bedspring to the table, the doctor gave her an intramuscular shot for pain and began removing the first-aid bandages that covered the severe sucking wound of the left thorax. The puncture was about an inch and a half wide. Dr. Lipinski placed his hand across it and realized that there was no way to improvise a perfect seal. Indeed the sur-

geon doubted that the problem could have been solved in the operating room of a major hospital; too much time had passed. As he hurriedly applied a dressing to the wound and tried to cover over each pinpoint of air leakage, he saw that the girl's body was calling on the last reserves of respiration: muscles in the neck and the intercostals between the ribs were standing out clearly as they tried to assist primary muscles of respiration—the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles—and still there was that terrible suck-suck of the air being lost through the hole.

Lipinski ordered his teen-aged daughter Terese to hold the flashlight close while he began a cutdown to try to find a vein at the girl's ankle, but no matter how deeply he probed, he found nothing but chalky white flesh. The surgeon abandoned the ankle and cut into the wrist, and after much effort he succeeded in finding an uncollapsed vein and inserted the needle. The plasma bottle was hung from a rafter high above, and

continued

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NIGHT OF HORROR

the precious fluid began seeping into the girl's circulatory system.

Tom Walton had been standing on the outer fringe of the medical team, but there seemed nothing that he could contribute to the operation so he headed out to help keep the fires blazing for the incoming helicopter. As he left, Walton saw the priest take up a station at the end of the table and begin whispering to the girl. He spoke to her of God's love and concern, and the girl, momentarily at rest, seemed to respond. "The doctors are doing everything that can be done to take care of you," the priest said softly, "and you know that God will watch over you and take care of you."

Weakly, the girl said, "Yes, I know. He will."

Father Connolly looked down the table at Dr. Lipinski and without saying a word asked the surgeon if the girl was going to live. With the merest side-to-side motion of his head, Dr. Lipinski told the priest that the end was very near. "Can you get some water?" the priest asked Ann Lipinski, and the nurse rushed away toward the kitchen. When she returned she cautioned Father Connolly not to let the patient try to sip the water, but simply to wet a rag and let her suck at it. The priest said he wanted the water for another purpose.

"You know that God loves you, don't you?" he said gently, but the girl was no longer able to speak—she squeezed his hand with the lightest of pressure. He asked if she had been baptized, but she did not answer and he told her that he was going to baptize her conditionally. While the doctor watched, the priest traced the sign of the cross on the girl's forehead and whispered, "I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit." He gave her absolution for her sins, and when he said the Act of Contrition they all saw, to their amazement, that the girl seemed to be trying to follow with her lips. Then suddenly her breathing became loud and shallow, she heaved once or twice and lay silent. It was 4:12 a.m.

Not long afterward the helicopter took off from the improvised pad behind Granite Park Chalet and blinked away in the night with the body of Julie Helgeson strapped to its right landing tray. Most of the participants in the long ordeal returned to the dining room, where coffee and hot chocolate were still be-

ing served by Mrs. Eileen Anderson and the kitchen staff. For a while nothing was said, but then the busy ranger-naturalist, Joan Devereaux, entered the room and said she had an announcement to make. She told the hushed group that in the morning around 9 breakfast would be served, and as soon after breakfast as possible they would hike out of Granite Park Chalet *en masse* along the Loop Trail. She said this was not an order—people could stay or go by themselves if they wished, but she emphasized that there was safety in numbers.

Just before dawn on this Sunday morning the radio traffic finally quieted in the ranger station near the head of Lake McDonald, and Ranger Leonard Landa dozed off to sleep. No matter what had happened, he would still have to arise at 8 a.m. and begin to attend to the thousand natural shocks of a busy Sunday in the park, and not merely his own thousand natural shocks, but several others' as well. At 8 o'clock he jumped up to the sound of his alarm and began going through the motions of dressing and bathing and stuffing a few crumbs of breakfast into his mouth. By 8:10 he was going into the cramped office alongside his bedroom, still rubbing his eyes and thinking about the radio reports of the tragic events at Granite Park Chalet, and then he heard the sound from down the lake. Somebody was hurrying along the flat stones behind the station. Landa prided himself on being able to read these familiar clattering noises with almost perfect accuracy. This time he told himself that there were several people on the stones. He opened the door of his office and fell back as four young people in extreme states of disarray tumbled inside and began talking simultaneously.

"Wait," Landa said. "Wait!" He pointed to one of the three boys. "You talk!" he said.

With frequent disorderly interpolations from the others, Ray Noseck told Landa a rambling story about a bear coming into their camp at Trout Lake and chasing them up trees. As Noseck spoke, Landa remembered issuing a fire permit to the group the day before, but it seemed to him that someone was missing now. Yes, there had been two girls the day before, one tall and one shorter, and now there was only the tall one, shivering and shaking as the man ram-

continued

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NIGHT OF HORROR *continued*

bled along with his story. "Wait!" Landa said once again. "Where's the other girl?"

"She's still up there," Noseek said. "The bear dragged her away." An involuntary shudder went through the young ranger's body, and he was not sure he was wide awake. Events shaded into events. He had gone to bed musing about the Trout Lake bear and then sat up all night listening to the crackling suggestions of a deadly bear attack at Granite Park over the radio. Now it seemed like the whole process was about to repeat itself. "All right," Landa said, trying to pull himself together. "All right! One of you has got to go back with me so I can figure out what the situation is. You can show me where you last saw the girl. She might be O.K. She might be waiting up a tree for us."

"She's not up a tree," one of the boys said.

"We'll find out," Landa said. He picked up the phone and called headquarters "Chief Ranger's office," a voice answered, and Landa explained that a girl was missing and he was going in to Trout Lake to look for her.

"Another girl?" the man at headquarters asked incredulously. "It looks that way," Landa answered.

"Take your rifle," the man said, "and be careful!"

Landa loaded his 300 H&H Magnum, then he pointed to the two younger boys and ordered them to accompany him. "You take the girl back home," he said to Ray Noseek, who was comforting the distraught Denise Huckle. Landa, Paul Dunn and Ron Noseek rode in the Park Service pickup half a mile to the Trout Lake trail head. Then they moved on foot up and over the ridge. When they reached the logjam and saw the ruins of the original camp, the ranger still entertained the hope that the girl would be waiting for them in a treetop perch. But then maybe she would not. Maybe another bear had chosen the same night to kill. It would be extraordinary after 57 years without a single death, Landa told himself. "All right," he said to Paul and Ron, "what was her name again?"

"Michele," the boys said.

The party spread out a few feet and began walking through the brush, calling the girl's name softly. When they reached a point about 50 yards along the lakeshore, Paul Dunn pointed to the earth and said, "This is where she was."

Slowly the four searchers worked their way up the bank and into the shadowy woods, with Landa and his cocked rifle in the lead. When they crossed the trail, the ranger's eye was caught by a speck of white lying on the path, and almost without thinking he leaned over and picked it up. It felt like a piece of human flesh. He took a closer look and saw that he was holding an ear. The realization came as a shock, and Landa said to himself that a human ear does not look like a human ear when it is detached from the body. There was no blood and no raggedness to the edge—it was as though the ear had been neatly dissected in a laboratory. All at once Landa felt sick. "Here's her ear!" he blurted out.

They had gone only a few feet farther when they came across the remains of the girl's sleeping bag, and from there up the slope a trail of leathers marked the direction of the bear's travel. Soon they came to a lightweight blue poplin jacket decorated with flowers, and a blouse, both were soaked with blood. Landa was studying them when one of the boys called down, "Here she is!"

The ranger dropped the clothing and rushed up the hillside, almost tripping over two large logs before coming to a depression in the earth that marked the spot where gnuzzles or humans or both had once burned food and garbage. The sky was almost shut out by a canopy of spruce trees. There was sawgum lichen, "grizzly hair," everywhere and some of the trees were losing their purchase in the thin soil and beginning to angle down toward the earth, mingling their upper branches with the tops of thimbleberry and mountain ash bushes. Inexplicably, Landa found himself thinking how peaceful the scene was, and then he reached the boys' side and looked down at the remains of Michele Koons. The girl was on her back and mutilated beyond recognition. Landa could hardly tell she was a female, her abdomen was gone and the hair was missing from her head. The ranger covered his face with his hands and backed down the hill. It took him a few minutes to pull himself together.

NEXT WEEK

Were the deaths of Jude Helgeson and Michele Koons murder? Jack Olsen answers that question and others in his continuing chapter



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PEOPLE

The bald eagle may be on the verge of extinction due to DDT, and the one depicted on the jacket of a new record is shedding a tear—not, presumably, over its fate, but over that of America. "America the Beautiful," the jacket copy reads. "An Account of Its Disappearance by Gary McFarland." The orchestral work has been termed "America's first protest symphony—a Picture of Dorian Gray, using our country as its ravaged hero." One movement is called "80 Miles an Hour through Beer-Can Country." "You hear the brass and the electric guitar roaring onto the scene," the 35-year-old composer and jazz musician explains, "and it's like, well, here come the bulldozers."

◆ **Howard Cosell** a Yale? For three days as a (paid) Hoyt Fellow at Silliman College, Cosell took part in a class in Russian history, visited a mull-in (Yale's version of a sit-in, which breaks up when academic discipline is threatened) and learned that marions are not served in the college dining hall. The highlight of Cosell's stay was his confrontation with Sterling Professor of Philosophy Paul Weiss, the author of *Sport, A Philosophic Inquiry*. "Sports is like a medieval

cook," Weiss led off. "There is no cookbook and the big gurus are telling the little gurus what to put in." Cosell retorted that "sports is clearly the human drama in microcosm. It is not a matter of philosophy or abstraction. It is a matter of humanity. We cannot afford to romanticize sports as something apart from society." Nonetheless, he told Weiss that he admired his book and had given copies to Pete Rozelle, Bowie Kuhn, Walter Kennedy and Marvin Miller. "They all said that they didn't understand it," Cosell added. Weiss said his book had been written with civilized men in mind. "That may explain the utter lack of understanding by these men," said Cosell.

Among our more well-traveled families are the **Scott Carpenters** of Bethesda, Md. Scott Sr., 44, of course, cured the earth three times in four hours and 56 minutes in 1962. Now Scott Jr., 19, has set out on a globe-girdling trip of his own, which will certainly take longer and has so far been much hairier. Scott Jr. and four friends intend to sail around the world in a 44-foot ketch and last week they were in Bermuda after completing the first leg from Norfolk, Va. "We

didn't know a thing when we started out," says Scott Jr., "but, boy, have we been learning fast." Indeed, their navigation was so cockeyed they sailed past Bermuda in a thick fog, their engine broke down, their supplies ran out, and before being rescued they lived for two days on the moisture drained from empty vegetable cans. What does Scott Sr. think about his son's cruise? "I think he's a little envious," says Scott Jr.

"O.K., wise guys, let's see what you can do," is, roughly, what LSU Football Coach Charles McClendon said to veteran Baton Rouge Sports Editors **Dan Hardisty** and **Bad Montel**, coaches-for-a-day in the annual spring intrasquad game. "I had thought once the game got started that the regular coaches would take over," said a stunned Hardisty, whose team lost 52-18. The score was 24-0 before Hardisty's team scored, and then he traced three consecutive onside kickoffs, miraculously recovering two Montel's team tried a 59-yard field goal. "That should be some indication of the kind of strategy we were employing," he said. The 10-man coaching staff of Texas A&M, LSU's first opponent this fall, was on



hand to scout the Tigers. Said Head Coach Gene Stallings, "I could have stayed home."

◆ **Charles Aznavour**, the French singer and actor, has always scoffed at exercise. "Look at me," he'd say to athletic friends. "I'm in great shape and I've never done a thing." Friends agreed. "He's like a piece of steel," they'd say. However, for his role as a marathon runner in the movie *The Games*, Aznavour had to run. "When I got started it was exciting," he admitted later. "I would challenge myself and ask what was my time and want to better it. When I began the movie I was doing the 100-meter run in 24 seconds, when I finished I was down to 16 seconds." Singing is his true love, though, and he considers it a sport. "You need all your faculties," he says, "including lungs, stomach, belly. I stand there for two hours at a time, and the slightly nervous feeling helps to keep me slim. You never see a fat French singer," he claims, holding up his index finger. "They are all like this."



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Danny Carter's nickname is not one of those that will ring through the ages, like Pooh, "Em Up Tony" or The Sultan of Swat. It is not even Dangerous Danny or Fancy Dan. It is Carter Just Carter. He has been called that by newspapers so often, presumably because Carter doesn't look right to line-type operators, that it has caught on among his fellow Oakland Athletics. Carter Carter.

How is that for a little color? Remember that, and you can keep Danny Carter distinct in your mind from Doug Rader and Del Unser and Wayne Comer and any number of other major leaguers who—having been blessed neither with dazzling habits on or off the field, nor with good solid baseball names like Rollie Fingers or Coco Laboy, nor with especially interesting features like Sandy Koufax's elbow or Ken Harrelson's nose—tend to run together dimly in a zone of semiconsciousness somewhere in major league expansion country between Kansas City and Anaheim. Carter is the one whose name is frequently spelled wrong. Also, he is the one hitting around .325.

That is his forte, at least in the eyes of his world—statistics. His teammates kid him for knowing his own figures down to the fourth decimal, as well he might. Percentage-wise, he was the best first baseman in the league last year and the second best hitter. He failed to finish first in batting, at .290, only because Carl Yastrzemski lost his head toward the end of the season and shot up over .300. Yastrzemski was the popular favorite, Carter was widely accused of being a figment of the box-score manufacturers. To some people, in fact, the most egregious symptom of the Dominance of the Pitcher was not Bob Gibson's earned run average or Hoyt Wilhelm's age, but the fact that a Carter almost emerged as a league-leading hitter. Whoever heard of a batting champ you never heard of?

Of course, that is a shabby attitude to take toward a mature, competent and likable pro who has never batted less than .270 in his five major league seasons and who is in a tie for eighth place in lifetime batting averages among active American League regulars. But the A's unassuming, unremarkable-looking first baseman says he does not mind

such popular disregard. "I don't think people will ever recognize me on the street, or anything," he says. "I don't know why. They just never have I think I could win the batting crown and still nobody would know who I was. They don't even know who I am where we live. But that's all right. Other baseball people know how you're doing, and that's what's important." Carter's goals do not include being a culture hero. He wants, he says, to keep on hitting well enough to stay in the lineup, and to keep his strikeouts down to no more than one in every 10 at bats.

Danny Carter's wife Gail, a Williamsport, Pa. girl he married when he was playing minor league ball in that city (where they still make their off-season home), is a little less nonchalant about his going so unnoticed. (He has never been accorded a full-scale personality sketch in any Bay Area newspaper, for instance.) "It's hard to understand about recognition," she says. "Even in Williamsport he's never had a write-up. The best he has received was a line or two saying, 'an adopted son of Williamsport. There was a fellow who wrote for a New Jersey newspaper, I believe, who always gave Danny write-ups. I think he is dead now.'"

Which brings up a complaint occasionally lodged against her husband—that he doesn't have any life out there, as they say. "They told me in the minor leagues that I'd never make the majors because I was too lackadaisical," Carter recalls. "They said you had to be a holler guy. So I tried it for awhile, but it didn't work out. I'm just not that kind of guy. Not with this voice of mine. I mean, if I were to yell right now that lady over there probably wouldn't notice." He motioned across to a small middle-aged woman seated some 15 feet away in the hotel lobby, who looked as though she might faint easily.

Another name that has been accorded Carter is The Texas Tenor, because he is from Austin and his voice sounds as though it comes from some smaller and less full-throated state. "So I just decided I'd keep playing my way, and hope that hollering was a lot of—well, I don't want to say bull, because I know it can help the pitcher. But I'm just not that kind of guy."

It keeps coming down to what Carter

entirely



The name is Carter—er, Carter

Whatever it is, nobody ever seems to get it right or to be aware that Oakland's first baseman is one of the game's best unknown players

is not. As ballplayers go, he is not very fast, powerful, daring, timid, weak or slow. No one has accused him of dogging it lately, but he is not Charlie Hustle, either. His style of play is probably more effortless and inclined to waste motion than Satchel Page's, but not much more—and Cater is only 28. He does not look like a natural for any position, which possibly is one reason why he has fitted unobtrusively into every single one except pitcher since signing with the Phillies in 1958. At first base—his favorite position (the outfield, he says, gets boring) and one he plays much better than most people realize—he has the air of a hired man, taking work where he can get it, being in place when the time comes, waiting calmly for every throw however rushed it may be. He will never be known as Dr. Strangelove, on the one hand, nor as The Big Cat or Stretch, on the other. Perhaps for this reason, or because he just slipped everyone's mind, he was not selected as the league's Golden Glove first baseman last year, although he accepted 183 more chances and made six fewer errors than George Scott, the winner, and had the highest fielding percentage, .995, among the candidates.

At bat, the word for what Cater is not is "explosive." Over 90% of his lifetime hits have been singles or doubles, and no very high percentage of them have been what you would call shots. His stance is closed and free of any hint of anxiety or eagerness. With what appears to be a lazy swing, he gets the hit.

36-inch, 36-ounce thick-handled bat he switched to last year in front of the hall and, think, the clean, functional base hits go looping or hopping off in all directions.

Oakland Vice-President and Hitting Coach Joe DiMaggio, who has seen no reason to offer Cater advice, observes approvingly that "he's a swinger." He means a bat swinger. Cater neither drinks nor smokes nor enjoys being away from his wife and three little girls, and for a long time he played *The Sound of Music* over and over again on his portable phonograph. DiMaggio, who also says Cater "gets good contact," was referring to swinging away, which is looked upon more favorably these days than during some other periods of hitting philosophy. Not only, as the saying goes, does Cater swing away, but he just tries to

Meet the Ball and he Goes with the Pitch, admirable virtues, perhaps, but not moves that are going to make him a widely acclaimed public figure.

Cater is so unnoticeably efficient, in fact, that Gene Mauch, who managed him during his rookie year with the Phillies, recalls that "he came up 10 times and saw 11 pitches." When Cater is announced he stands in there as though it will take three or four pitches for him to build up enough intensity to attack, and when you look up from sweeping the peanut shells off your scorecard he has already swung away, gotten good contact, gone with the pitch and eased a double into the left-field corner. The next day the double is locked securely into the records and so is Cater—out of sight and out of mind.

Which is intolerable. The very essence of being a big league ballplayer is to so establish oneself that people can think back in future years and say, "Remember old Wayne Terwilliger?" and smile contentedly. Despite its freshet of statistics, baseball is held together and kept evergreen by personal trademarks and recollections. But because of his minimal lack of entertainment value and because he is no man for self-promotion, Cater is only the best of many good big league regulars today who are in danger of departing the base paths of time without leaving a clear impression of what they were. "Lucky plays," he says straightforwardly, when complimented on two splendid scoops at first base, "I didn't know I had them." Asked if he has been credited with any errors so far this year, he says, "No, but a couple of times I should have been." Ood over for having extended a recent hitting streak with a single, he says, gloomily, "Umph, you should have seen it. It looked like I had taken it in my hand and rolled it over the first-base bag."

But anyone who has stood behind a hitting cage knows that getting wood on good pinching as consistently as Cater does is a feat. Asked what he expects Cater to do, Manager Hank Bauer says, "Hit." Move runners along, get on base, anything special? "Nope. Hit." That is what he does. He does everything hitting instructors tell people to do, and it works. Granted, when it comes to scoring and driving in runs he isn't a superstar. But his lifetime average of .7 runs produced per game matches those

of Ron Hunt and Mike Shannon—two old-reliable types who have been widely acclaimed for being underrated—and is just .01 under (surprise) Ken Harrelson's. Most likely Cater is as good a ballplayer, all things considered, as, say, Gene Woodling, Bobby Thomson, Gil McDougald or even Tommy Henrich—none of whose names will be forgotten soon. They, of course, had the advantage of playing on teams contending for pennants.

All might have been different if, as Mauch says, Cater had not "hustled us right out of a pennant in '64." As much as anything else, thinks Mauch, what beat the Phillies that year was the loss of Cater. He was batting .300 in late July when he ran into Joe Torre at first while trying to leg out a base hit, and broke his wrist. Had that not happened, some well-timed World Series hit by Cater might now be as clear in the fan's instant-replay mind's-eye as one by Rico Petrocelli, Dal Maxwell or Jim Northrup.

As it was, Cater drifted off into the obscurity of various infield and outfield jobs with the White Sox and then the Athletics of Kansas City and points west—which meant no fighting for pennants and nothing in the way of a sustained following.

This year, however, Cater ought to be discovered. So far he has had a 16-game hitting streak (he says he doesn't think he has gone 0 for 8 since he started using the heavy bat last year), has won two games in a row with singles and has ranked among the league leaders in RBIs as well as hitting. In the field he may even be developing a sort of reverse flair. Twice in Seattle recently he made a tough pickup with an off-handedness that caused a local press-box observer to say, "Damn, he's casual." And, finally, the new divisional setup leaves Cater less room for oblivion. So far the attendance in Oakland is even worse than last year, but the A's have a good chance to win the weak Western Division of their league. "It makes a lot of difference," Cater says. "We feel like it's just hanging up there for us to take." Young and stocked with a variety of possible stars, the A's will undoubtedly be in a race this year, likely a playoff and possibly a Series—and that ought to make Cater, or at the very least Cater—a good, steady, unspectacular household word.

END

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Giving guns a shot of iron

Shotgun shells loaded with lead are fatal to ducks in more ways than one, and the industry is trying to come up with a substitute metal

Lead is a weighty problem that has agitated waterfowl experts for most of this century. Tons of it, in the form of shot fired at ducks and geese, pave the hard shallow bottoms of some of the country's finest hunting grounds. After the hunters go home, feeding ducks mistake the shot for seed or grit, swallow it by the billful and die, swiftly or otherwise, of lead poisoning. Some biologists estimate the "wastage" at one million ducks a year.

There have been sporadic attempts to coat lead shot with nontoxic substances, or substitute other metals. Until now, none of them had proved successful. The synthetic coatings quickly dissolved, the alternate metals damaged gun barrels or lacked lead's wallop. But a long series of tests carried out during the last year at the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife's Patuxent research center in Maryland dispel all bugaboos about iron except its cost.

"If and when industry can manufacture a soft iron shot economically," says Ralph Andrews, a biologist with the bureau, "it will kill ducks as efficiently as present loads of lead shot. And it won't result in an increase in the loss of crippled ducks."

All of which comes as a jolt to the ammunition makers. Though the industry cooperated handsomely with the bureau, contriving an ingenious automatic shooting device and supplying specially manufactured iron shot for the tests, it was not quite prepared for the results. Now it must adopt the alternative to its "polluting" product with all deliberate speed or face that recurring nightmare of big business—federal legislation.

In the past, most shooting tests were carried out on a small scale, and thus were inconclusive. But at Patuxent some 2,000 game-farm mallards gave up their lives to discredit a couple of old wives'

tales about iron. The tests proved that No. 4 iron shot performs as well against ducks as No. 4 lead shot. They also proved that iron, properly softened, does not damage gun barrels.

The appropriate cautionary remarks accompanied the biologists' report on the tests at Patuxent, but, nevertheless, the industry was disturbed, and the bureau sensitive.

"There's no story in iron now," one bureau official said. "It's so expensive to produce that it might as well be gold or silver. Pesticides are the big story at Patuxent this year."

But the real feeling at Patuxent is that industry had better pick up the iron pellet and run with it. Lead poisoning among ducks has been described and deplored by gunners for a century, and the damage grows more severe as good habitat shrinks. Ducks congregate at the remaining choice feeding grounds, and hunters follow the ducks. As a result, most stray pellets fall where they are most likely to be picked up and swallowed.

"The average hunter fires five shots for every duck he bags," says Frank C. Bellrose Jr. of the Illinois Natural History Survey. "As many as 1,400 pellets may be deposited on waterfowl hunting grounds for every duck killed."

Researchers probing the bottom of Wisconsin's Lake Puckaway found 118,000 lead pellets an acre. Sixty thousand an acre were scooped off the bottom of marshes along California's San Joaquin River, and 64,000 an acre at Heron Lake, Minnesota. An estimated 6,000 tons of pellets are sprayed out over waterfowl habitat each year. Much of it sinks into the ooze, but where bottoms are hard, the lead and the trouble pile up.

The trouble for the duck begins in its gizzard, which retains for a time whatever it swallows. The gizzard's grinding

action and digestive juices go to work on a lead pellet, eroding its surface until soluble lead salts make their way into the duck's digestive tract. Some birds, having eaten heavily of the pellets, die swiftly of lead poisoning. Others lose their appetites and die slowly of starvation.

Occasionally, dramatic kills occur. Ducks exhibiting the familiar signs of lead poisoning (emaciation, greenish stains around gizzard and vent) are picked up by the hundreds. But mostly the ducks make their way into the tall reeds and grass to die unobtrusively. (Human beings who happen to swallow lead pellets or salts with their wildfowl vomit them quickly and suffer no ill effects.) Set these losses against the increased hunting pressure and disappearing habitat that wildfowl face today and they become intolerable. The highest mortality, of course, takes place just after the hunting season, thinning out the potential breeders.

The ammunition industry clings to lead in the same way that some pesticide manufacturers cling to DDT—both products are cheap and easy to make. Molten lead, for instance, "dropped" through colanderlike sheets in shot towers, readily forms the required spheres for pellets. Iron, though inexpensive in its raw state, is costly to manufacture into pellets. When dropped, it forms dumbbells and other unsuitable shapes.

"We knew that industry could manufacture iron shot in the proper shape and softness for us," Ralph Andrews says, "but it would be a special order and it would be costly. The iron used at Patuxent, for instance, had to be softened by annealing it repeatedly. But the big problem as we saw it was to find out if pellets really needed lead's high density to be effective at all normal ranges. There wouldn't be much sense in saving ducks from lead poisoning only to lose them as cripples."

Industry technicians eliminated man and his frailties from active participation in the tests at Patuxent. To do this they built a fully automated shooting facil-

continued



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A 67 horsepower engine is standard on the Opel GT. A 102 horsepower engine is available for the most enthusiastic enthusiast.

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A short-throw, 4-speed stick is standard. Mounted in a console on the

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The light-your-fire Buicks: Riviera GS, GS 400, Stage I, GS 350, California GS, Opel Rallye Kadett, Opel GT.

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ity. It consisted chiefly of a "duck transport," a mounted 12-gauge pump shotgun, several pretested gun barrels and an automatic control box. The industry also provided one-quarter ton of soft iron shot, which was encased in polyethylene liners to help prevent damage to harrels and chokes.

A mallard, tethered to an adjustable bar on the small carriage or transport, was drawn on a track through the target area at 20 miles an hour. ("The ducks always began to flap their wings when they reached that speed, so we got an approximation of field conditions," Andrews says.) A macroswitch triggered the mounted shotgun, delivering a "perfect" shot.

The mallard, having completed its remote-control flight, was removed from the carriage and examined by biologists. Ducks that died within five minutes or suffered broken wings were classified as "probably bagged." Those that died between five minutes and 10 days after the shooting were classified as "lost cripples." Ducks still alive and apparently recovering after 10 days were declared "survivors."

Iron pellets, fired at the ducks broadside or head on, and at all ranges, had held their own with lead. "The tests confirmed the traditional advice that you let the ducks come close before shooting," Andrews says. "At 30 yards we could have killed them with carpet tacks. A duck can fly right through a shot pattern and pick up only a couple of minor flesh wounds. So the chief factor in a kill isn't iron or lead, but range."

The next step depends upon industry's attitude. No one questions the senseless drain on waterfowl populations by "lead pollution." The ammunition manufacturers, acutely conservation conscious, will have to devise a relatively inexpensive method of producing iron shot. The process will be painful all-round; factories will have to be converted to a new process, and hunters ultimately will have to pick up the cost. But government and industry people agree privately that lead shot eventually will be outlawed for duck hunting.

"Industry people have met much bigger challenges before," a government official says, "and I would bet that the government won't move for legislation until a reasonable substitute can be developed. Industry knows now that the problem is past the talking stage." **END**



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After a battle, the Prince

Still buzzing about a Kentucky Derby that was one of the best contests in years, racing buffs happily may contemplate an even better Preakness. Three of the first five Derby finishers are back—Majestic Prince, Arts and Letters and Top Knight—and a few newcomers should enhance the action of Round 2 in the Triple Crown series.

Two of the Derby's top five will pass up the mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ race at Pimlico (a sixteenth shorter than Louisville's). Dike ran down slightly at Churchill Downs and will be saved for the Belmont. Traffic Mark will henceforth associate with less formidable rivals. In their places, filling out a field that may go as high as 10, are Al Hattab, beaten only a nose by Dike in the Wood Memorial, Dike's stablemate Jay Ray, the come-from-behind winner of the California Derby, Calumet Farm's Best Turn, Elmsendorf Farm's Captain Action, Mike Phipps' Greengrass Greene and, possibly, Tyrant and Rooney's Shield, who were awarded second and third place in last week's foul-marred Withers at Aqueduct.

The Withers results, unfortunately, offer little guidance to the Preakness. The first across the finish line, Neil Hellman's 18-to-1 shot, Gleaming Light, was disqualified and placed fifth for obvious interference in the stretch. Since he missed out on any part of the purse and isn't a Preakness nominee to begin with, it seems highly unlikely that Hellman will cough up \$10,000 this week to make Gleaming Light a supplementary nomination. Captain Harry Guggenheim's Ack Ack thus became the Withers winner by default and, for the first time in his long career, Jockey Manuel Ycaza won a stakes race through a disqualification. But Guggenheim announced after the race that Ack Ack had tired and would skip the Preakness. Such also-rans as Blade and Palauli probably will, too, and indeed, those who are electing to challenge the Derby big three do not have the most cheering prospects. But optimism is a part of every horseman's makeup. Jimmy Conway, trainer of Captain Action, says, "It's a little like going bear

hunting with a switch, but I guess we've got to give it a try."

Majestic Prince, Arts and Letters and Top Knight seem to be coming up to Preakness Day exactly "right," which means any of them could win. Yes, even Top Knight, who did not run the race of which he is capable at Churchill Downs. It might have been his five-week layoff after the Florida Derby, or something more serious like leg trouble. Still, it is worth recalling that after Top Knight ran "short" in last winter's Everglades, he came back brilliantly to win the Flamingo and Florida Derby.

Arts and Letters, now a four-time loser (each time, second) in his last five races, may not have it in him to be a classic winner, but one can never eliminate a genuine fighter from consideration. He fought Majestic Prince all the way down the long stretch in the Derby and then lost by only a neck. Braulio Baeza will be on his second ride and will know more about him and the opposition than he did in Louisville. But that small edge may not be enough.

As for Majestic Prince, who is now eight-for-eight, how can he be faulted? Or Johnny Longden or Bill Hartack? The big, durable chestnut has run six times since early January and won all but the Derby by four lengths or more. Longden indicated his fitness by asking nothing strenuous of him as his first post-Derby week. Johnny also raised a few eyebrows at Pimlico when he announced he was sending for California blacksmith Bill Bane to shoe Majestic Prince this week. Bane is a specialist in repairing quarter cracks, with his invention known as the Bane Patch.

Those who still do not believe Majestic Prince is the best colt point out that the Pimlico strip is sandier than Churchill Downs, and not as fast, and therefore very different from California surfaces. Never mind that He has won on strips labeled fast, sloppy, muddy and good. It probably will not snow, hail or sleet at Pimlico this Saturday but outlandish conditions would not bother him, either.

END

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GOLF'S UNDERWATER UNDERWORLD

Recovering lost balls from water hazards is a \$1 million a week business, and a lot of it is done illegally. All an outlaw scavenger needs is a course with some ponds, scuba equipment, a moanless night—and nerve by PAT RYAN

An Internal Revenue agent follows a man to a neon-lit tavern and picks up the bar conversation in snatches through the blare of juke-box rock. The agent notes the flash of bills, the diamond cuff links.

A telephone rings in a split-level. The anonymous caller offers information, for a price.

A Doberman paces outside his doghouse. Inside the doghouse is \$1,500.

A man in swimming trunks wades into a lake. His hand strikes something below the surface. A body.

Guards with pistols lie on their bellies on a deserted golf course. They wait, high-powered binoculars searching the tree line.

Two frogmen work stealthily on a moonless night, moving through a tangle of weeds, past a dozing 1,100-pound sea cow. There is a dark swirl of water. Then silence.

Heroin smugglers? Jewel robbers? No. Just part of the multimillion-dollar business of scavenging golf balls. Every week about \$1 million worth of golf balls are retrieved by professionals from the lakes and creeks of U.S. golf courses. In a year 150 million balls are recovered, and the competition to get them is cutthroat as men wade, grope, rake, scrape, disk, trap, vacuum and dredge. The professional golf-ball scavenger may be a young entrepreneur with a half-million-dollar company and a crew of Blue Cross-insured scuba divers who contracts with country clubs for scavenging rights but he must be ready to protect his franchises with pistols. Or he may be an ex-carpenter who travels up the coast with the warm season and cleans a club's creeks and lakes of balls once a year. He brings up 25,000, splits the profits with the golf pro and moves on. Or he may be a fly-by-night operator who makes a quick \$500 by

continued



SCAVENGERS *continued*

slipping into a course's water hazards after dark and stealing 1,500 balls in one night, leaving a bent wire fence as the only clue to the theft. This world of intrigue is often no farther from your clubhouse than a hooked tee shot. Look around carefully. Maybe down near the reeds in the lagoon by the 9th green—just where you dunked your approach yesterday. See the frogman's fins, the metallic gleam of his air tank?

Ball hawks will poor-mouth their profession, tell you it is a nickel-and-dime job. It is the swimming they like, or the outdoors, or the independence. That's what makes it all worthwhile. Honest. But a scavenger in North Carolina drives a Porsche and sends his daughter to private school on the profits he makes from operating in 27 states. A man like that can afford to be self-deprecating. The scavenging concession at Miami's Doral Country Club and Hotel, which has four courses and is building a fifth, is rumored to sell for \$25,000 a year, although the club, too, strenuously denies that the figure is that high.

Moore forthright, or so big he can afford to be proud, is a former door salesman in Northern California. Unsatisfied with his divers merely groping in the mud for balls, he invented a vacuum cleaner that sucks the balls out of hazards. The machine outperforms divers 3 to 1 and is so rewarding that a San Jose businessman has offered \$400,000 for the company and its mystery apparatus.

Water balls are marketed at cut rates

(from 25¢ to \$1 apiece for unscarred Titleists) in pro shops and sporting-goods stores, and are sold in bulk to driving ranges, cruise ships and the U.S. Navy. During a year seamen hit hundreds of thousands of 3¢ and 4¢ balls off carner decks. Companies that wholesale used golf balls are listed with Dun & Bradstreet. Increasingly, the profit potential of scavenging is attracting college-educated men with degrees in philosophy, engineering and business administration. They pay lawyers and advertising fees, and consult with biologists about pollution in water hazards, chemists about solutions for cleaning golf balls and university labs and zoos about their weed problems.

A scavenger—man or bird or beast—is a member of a demeaned race and, as with others of his kind, the ball hawk is viewed uneasily. Golf pros are particularly mistrustful, as suspicious of the young alpaca-sweatered scavenger who leaves business cards and printed brochures as of the stranger who arrives on a hot summer morning peddling a trunkful of discolored golf balls. "I think you have to have some hustle in you to be a successful golf pro," one scavenger says, "and they are always afraid they are going to be out hustled." Sometimes they are out hustled, the golf pros say. Scavengers have been known to make agreements with pros and then retrieve only half the balls in a hazard during the day while they are under surveillance. Then they go back at night and take

the rest. If a country club pays a particularly good price for every ball retrieved, say 12¢, an unscrupulous scavenger may add several hundred old balls that he has picked up elsewhere to the number he presents at the pro shop. A few months ago a young pro in North Carolina went to Raleigh to take a PGA examination for his Class A card. While he was gone, a man came to the pro shop and told the pro's wife that he had been authorized to clean the water hazards. She gave him permission. He made off with several thousand balls, leaving no name or address. The pro was probably \$1,000 poorer for the experience. Only a few weeks before a newsletter published by the Carolinas Section of the PGA had warned: "Watch your lakes—unknown divers recently invaded the golf course in the Grand Strand area around Myrtle Beach [S.C.], pilfered over 10,000 balls out of the lakes at night, boxed them up and carried them to the bus station for shipment to a Florida address. Area pros, alerted by a secret informant, went to the bus station with police but nothing could be done." Nighthawks in the area say the number of balls taken from the Myrtle Beach course was actually 17,000, and another 25,000 were taken from ponds in Greensboro, N.C.

It's enough to give a pro nightmares, and one can see the dream unfolding like an ancient myth. The pro girds himself with water moccasins and descends to the bottom of his lake. Venomously he waits for the scavenger on a pile of gold golf balls. There is a ripple, then a murky cloud. The snakes lunge toward the intruders, but they are everywhere—grasping hands in thrashing water, behind, in front, now circling. The pro is trapped in a whirlpool of goggled faces. The mound of gold golf balls gives away below his Foot-Joys. He awakes in a sweat.

If his concern is not always expressed so dramatically, the golf pro is nonetheless anxious about his ball-scavenging franchise. It increases his income by 12% to 15%. Usually pros are reluctant to discuss the size of their profits, but one at a Texas country club says he sold \$15,000 worth of water balls last year. He



Ball hawks will poor-mouth the profession, but you should take a look at the cars they drive

paid a flat \$250 a month salary to a local scavenger and netted \$12,000. On an average, golfers playing courses with water hazards lose one to two balls during every 18-hole round, and most country clubs allow their head professional to make what he can salvaging these balls.

Some pros, such as Jackie Burke Jr. and Jimmy Demaret at Houston's Champions, buy themselves a dragger, which costs about \$200. It looks something like 20 dinner plates set on a rod and is towed across lake bottoms, maneuvered with ropes by men on the banks. The balls, and occasional duck eggs, are wedged up between the blades. At the Sonol Country Club near Livermore, Calif. the pro has a more ingenious and efficient method. The bottom of the pond between 9 and 18 was specially contoured so that balls hit into the water would roll along the asphalted sides and collect in three pockets. The pro drains the hazard by pushing a button, bags his golf balls and throws a switch to fill the lake again. The professional at Hayward (Calif.) Golf Club has a less scientific but equally facile method. He sits in his pro shop in the evenings with binoculars. If he sees nighthawks working his holes he does not disturb them until they begin to dress. Then he rockets down the fairway in a golf cart and confiscates their sacks of balls. "He's been doing that for years," a local scavenger says.

Golf pros seem to have an increasing interest in building water hazards these days, and the reason is not a new concern with the subtleties of golf-course architecture or the challenge the game can then offer the members. Nor is it a matter of enhancing the beauty of the course. It is merely a matter of profit. Not only can you get golf balls out of water hazards, you don't have to mow or seed them. Some scavengers even peddle weed killers that also dye the water in hazards so that players cannot see lost balls near the edge.

There is much shuffling of spikes and forelock tugging as a pro negotiates a deal with a scavenger. In his cool, silent shop the turtle-necked, sideburned pro leans on his counter. The questions come



Scavengers happily peddle weed killers that dye the water so players cannot spot lost balls.

between long pauses. The scavenger fast-talks. Then he too falls silent. The pro picks up a golf ball and bounces it, down and up, down and up, into his fist. Sometimes the two men agree to split the balls, the scavenger taking 80% and the pro 20% of the best, which the scavenger will deliver cleaned and shined. Other pros want every ball taken from their hazards and pay 7¢ for each uncleaned ball or 10¢ to 12¢ for those that are cleaned and marked with a painted stripe to identify them as practice-range balls. Finally there are the pros who want no part of these balls taken out of the water and prefer to sell the scavenging rights on their course for a flat fee. The ball hawk may pay \$1,500 a year, but every ball retrieved will be his. Club professionals can be dreadful estimators of the wealth of balls in their lakes. Some years ago a ball hawk called on a Mount Vernon, Texas professional and asked to clean his pond. The pro said it was not worth the trouble. The ball hawk pressed his plea, and eventually the professional agreed to give him 10¢ for every ball he brought up. The harvest was 18,000 balls. The pro had to go to the bank to get the \$1,800 to pay off the scavenger.

A skilled ball hawk usually can guess within a few hundred balls what a hazard will yield. He considers the number of rounds played on a course and such factors as distance and the prevailing wind. The par-3 hole over water will

have inferior balls in its lake, since most golfers will not risk teeing up a brand-new \$1.25 Maxfli or Spalding Dot. It is the long holes with water hazards not visible from the tee that produce the best-quality water balls. Lakes on the right of the fairway will have more, but inferior, balls than lakes on the left—the sheer normalcy being a high-handicap golfer with less ego involved in the quality of the ball he uses.

The undersea life in a country-club water hazard is not nearly so predictable. One takes precautions. Pros talk of alligators and tell of dogs that are missing or have been maimed. "They seem to think that an eight-inch alligator brought back from Miami Beach will scare us away," one amused nighthawk says. There are no reported instances of alligator attacks and few of snake or turtle bites while golf-ball scavenging. There is, however, a Texas tale of a ball hawk riding around a lake on a 25-foot carp, and in California they speak of king rats big as cottontail rabbits floating among the lily pads. Catfish are the menace at the Lakewood Golf Club of Hollywood. A scavenger working the lagoon between the 2nd and 10th fairways was once seen bolting from the water during a ladies' day tournament. He shot up the bank, dropped his pants and pulled a large catfish off his thigh. Since then Lakewood's ball hawks have used shoelaces to tie their slacks tight to their ankles.

continued

The golf scavenger never knows exactly what lurks or lies in wait. For instance, a couple of years ago a Dallas ball hawk was groping in the water on the 8th hole at the Tenison Park municipal course and found what he thought was a log. It was a corpse. The man had drowned several months before. More frequent discoveries are rifled safes and wallets, golf clubs and golf carts (a Florida scavenger pulls 35 to 50 a year out of hazards). One diver tells of surfacing and finding a woman's halter floating toward him. He retrieved the garment for an apparently unperturbed lady who had lost it leaning over a bridge.

Scavenging equipment varies widely in sophistication. The small operator may use nothing but swimming trunks and his toes in summertime, and pull in his winter haul with a garden rake. He may clean his golf balls by putting them in a washing machine with detergent. "It makes a racket," one advocate of the method says, "but the balls sparkle." Not surprisingly, the larger the scavenging operation the more advanced the equipment. Ken Kohlberg, now a pro in Florence, Ariz., used to be a ball hawk in Chicago. At Tam O'Shanter, where a river meandered through the course, he built traps to snare balls carried by the current. One day he found 8,000 piled up. Kohlberg worked for 22 clubs in the area and says he never salvaged fewer than 10,000 balls a week. He has kept some of the rare balls he retrieved, one which was made around 1902.

Men who now ball-hawk in Chicago would have you believe that it is a scavenger's poverty pocket. They bemoan the coming of the solid golf ball that can be hacked and whacked and still endure. It is cheap and almost indestructible. Because the solid ball hardly ever cuts, driving ranges that use them need to buy fewer and fewer water balls. The only balls that the ranges must replace are those that are stolen. One out of every five golfers in Chicago is using the solid ball now, and scavengers predict that one out of every two will play with it by 1979. Mike Wilk, one of Chicago's lamenting

scavengers, tells of his cruel fate. "I knew I'd never get a million dollars," he says, "so I decided to save a million golf balls. When I collected them they were worth 18¢ each, but then the solid balls took over and the value dropped to 6¢. Just to satisfy my whim, you might say I lost \$120,000." To recoup his losses, another Chicago ball hawk has decided to join the opposition. He is manufacturing solid balls in his basement, stamping them out on a \$90,000 press.

The oldtime scavenger is a resourceful, savvy man. He is evasive about detail and especially about profits. Consider Mike Lopez, a Mexican-American who worked as a butcher, a cook and a filling-station operator. Fifteen or so years ago he was sitting one night in a St. Louis tavern. "I was talking with a man named Ed," he recalls. "Ed was a Polish fellow with a long last name that I couldn't pronounce. He said to me, 'You've got a nice face, Mike. I like you.' He invited me to go drying for golf balls. I asked him: 'What does a golf ball look like?'" Lopez went ball scavenging with Ed on a few occasions. When Ed was hospitalized with a serious illness Lopez decided to quit his job as cook and build his own business from mud-bottom. Three years ago he went into partnership with a bright Washington University student named Jerry Manker, and the business began to expand. They now operate the M & J Ball Company out of a warehouse in northern St. Louis, and the scene is a striking one of free enterprise at work. The neighborhood is sparse, its upright brick houses reminiscent of those in an Edward Hopper painting. The sun etches sharp shadows on the silent pavements and the cracked steps of Baptist churches. A camper truck, M & J Ball Company printed irregularly on its doors, stands outside the warehouse. You ease through a hatch door. The counter in the warehouse is heaped with plastic-packaged range balls. A home-made machine that paints as many as 15,000 golf balls in a day stands in one corner. There are waist-high barrels of peroxide powder and a bathtub for cleaning golf balls and a bin rigged with a

blower to dry them. Compressors supply power and also air for the dozen yellow aqua lungs lining the wall.

Lopez has begun to diversify. He says he must because the solid ball will seriously hurt his scavenging business within the next four years. He has begun selling air to the St. Louis rescue squad and the city's universities. That pays the overhead. And he has started to manufacture putters. He proudly shows an order from Japan for 200 of them.

In summer M & J has four crews (in winter months usually just two) of divers crisscrossing Sarasota to Southwest. They move from Sarasota to Houston, staying on the road for three to six weeks. Ten of the 12 crew members are college boys, and Lopez says he has another 15 "tutting around the Beta houses" on call. To work for him they must sign a seven-year contract—which helps retard competition—take out a \$10,000 life insurance policy and buy a rubber suit. M & J supplies a truck, sleeping bag, cooking utensils and pays transportation costs—gas, oil, tires, etc. The boss of a crew receives 6¢ for each ball he retrieves, the other men are paid 5¢ per ball. Lopez deducts 10% from the number of balls a man turns in before paying him. He says at least that many balls salvaged from water hazards are useless. He also may be taking into account his belief that no one can be completely trusted in the ball-hawking business.

The divers clean the balls at the course where they are recovered, deliver the number specified in the scavenging contract to the pro and move on. They work two or three clubs in a day. A couple of years ago they earned identification cards—each man had one with his photograph and name encased in plastic. But competitors began showing up at courses with similar credentials which attested that they were M & J representatives. Lopez' crews now identify themselves by producing the company's invoices. "It would cost \$150 to duplicate these," Lopez declares, "and no crook will invest that much."

When Lopez finds that a rival crew is bidding for the same contract the matter is often settled by the two crews diving into a lake to see which can recover

continued



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SCAVENGERS *continued*

the most balls in an hour. As well as the contract, considerable side bets are often at stake.

The competition for water balls is fiercest in the resort areas of the Southeast, where the mild weather makes it a year-round, night-and-day occupation and there are more than two dozen professional scavengers jostling for a fin-hold in the water hazards. Twenty-six-year-old Tom Parise controls the region's most lucrative concession, the Doral Country Club and Hotel. He refuses to say what it costs him, only that it is "by far the most expensive scavenging franchise." An average Florida concession is sold for between \$1,000 and \$1,500 per year.

Doral lies just west of Miami airport, a Gold Coast Garden of Eden. Monkeys swing on gazebos and rare birds stalk by waterfalls. Claret-created homo sapiens and dyed flamingos. The deer on the lawn are plaster of Paris or Teaneck, N.J. Doral is a horticultural extravaganza. Its dozen buildings make luxury hotels on Miami Beach look like par-3 clubhouses. The hotel has accommodations for 1,400 people, and the management says that 90% of the guests golf during their stay. A conveyor belt delivers their clubs to a patio near the pro shop, four-somes are packed into electric carts (the hotel owns 375) and with assembly-line efficiency dispatched at eight-minute intervals. As many as 903 golfers have played Doral's three courses (the Red, White and championship Blue) in a day. There is a par-3 layout as well, and another full-size 18 is under construction. To obtain fill for bunkers, trees and greens in the desolate coral flatland of south Florida, lakes and ponds must be dredged. There are 30 water hazards at Doral, enough to keep Tom Parise and his crew diving daily. Because of the large number of hazards and the high percentage of women who play Doral's courses (about 50%;), it is not unreasonable to estimate that, on the average, each golfer loses a couple of balls a round.

Tom Parise is an intense individual who in his leisure time reads physics and math textbooks. He feels that pure sciences teach him to think. Five years

continued

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Alligators, snakes and turtles are no problem, but rattlesnakes can be a menace.

ago he was paying his way through the University of Miami with a \$1.50-an-hour, six-night-a-week job on the maintenance crew of the Colonial Palm golf course. The club's ball scavenger, who needed some help, taught Parise to dive. Within a year Parise quit school (he needs only 15 hours more of study to get a physics degree) and began to ball-hawk full time. "I figured the opportunity wouldn't wait," he says. Red Aylor, a man who owns the front-door concessions at a number of Miami Beach hotels and also owned the ball-scavenging franchise at Doral, was impressed by Parise's earnestness and endeavor. Last year he offered him a 50-50 partnership in the golf-ball business. They now operate at four other Miami area clubs and employ three full-time divers and two who work part-time. Recently Parise and Aylor opened a chain of retail shops in the Miami area called Mr. Golf Ball, Inc. to dispose of their water balls. The stores also stock wedges, putters, golf gloves, tees and umbrellas. They still sell the larger part—75% of their balls—to wholesalers and golf ranges. Parise envisions someday operating two or three ranges himself.

He will consider almost anything that will make his business more profitable.

A few years ago a weed named Japanese alodia began to clog Doral's finest ball-producing hazard, a lake 250 yards long between the 3rd and 4th holes on the Blue course. The weed looks something like a star pine and grows at the incredible rate of 15 feet a week. Parise's divers tried to tear it out by the roots, removing the morass that oozed to the surface with mammoth conch shells swung out into the hazard on a crane. The alodia began to thrive again. Someone suggested buying a sea cow to eat the weeds. Parise rented one from the State of Florida. It ate and ate, for 15 or 20 hours each day, but there were more weeds than it could stomach. "Perhaps if we had 10 sea cows and a sea bull," a distraught Parise said last winter. Sadly, the sea cow died of pneumonia a few months ago.

Nighthawks dislike working in the labyrinthine tangle of such a weed, and illegal activity on this hole at Doral has sharply declined. However, Parise watches the hazard carefully. On his midnight vigils he takes along pistols and a friend. "You cannot shoot a man over golf balls, but there have been times I've thought about it," he says. "You simply have to outrun the nighthawk or beat him to his clothes or car. I've had their cars impounded by the police, but usually the autos are stolen or are worth so little the nighthawk never claims them." Parise often receives tip-offs when a scavenger is going to hit his lakes. The hawk usually comes between midnight and 5 a.m. If he is caught, local courts give him a minor sentence for trespassing, probably only a \$50 fine. "You've got to keep your lakes clean—certain ones we empty two or three times a week," Parise says. "You've got to make it so that it is not profitable for nighthawks to work them. A guy who tried ours here the other night complained that he got so few balls he could not pay the \$6 to refill his air tank. That sort of information spreads."

In the cold weather the divers put on three or four pairs of pants and four or five woolen shirts under a rubber dry suit. On top of that they wear an oversized sweatshirt that is cinched around their hips by a weighted belt. As they

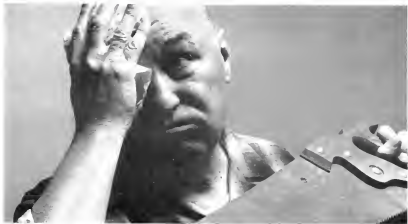
move over the sharp and intricate coral floor of the water hazards, the balls they find are popped inside the sweatshirt. Parise says his record is 638 balls in one shirt. Usually he collects only 200 or 300 before coming up for a new tank.

Parise has made one unusual investment. He bought a Doberman pinscher as a watchdog. He has 65,000 golf balls stashed in his house and garage. For safekeeping, he has put another 35,000 in the Doberman's doghouse.

Ingenuity is a trait of all scavengers, but it manifests itself in diverse ways. Move on to California now and meet the button-down-executive ball hawk whose blue business card reads: "Pearl Drivers—Golf Ball Recovery and Sales." Derone Thrasher of San Bruno, Calif., is 30, and two years ago he was selling \$1.5 million worth of wooden doors annually for the Weyerhaeuser Corporation. He still assesses paneling in restaurants with little more than a cursory glance.

While he was soberly pursuing his career his brother Ted and his brother-in-law Merle Keller were nighthawking. They had scavenging contracts at three clubs but worked two or three others at night. "They are sportsmen," Derone explains. "They love to hunt—ducks and pheasant. They were always sturgeon fishing in my runabout, which I never seemed able to use. They could go where they liked when they liked—and if they needed money they nighthawked." Being a door salesman was not all that idyllic. Derone made some inquiries about scavenging, decided it could be profitable and quietly lined up a few contracts. Then he invited Ted and Merle to dinner. He suggested the three of them go into partnership. He would be the promoter and front man, and their ball-scavenging company would only operate legally. Ted and Merle shrugged and said, sure, they'd try it. With his new image the business began to thrive. In 10 months Derone had signed 20 contracts with golf clubs, and the work was overwhelming Ted and Merle. Derone decided a machine should be able to collect balls more efficiently and quickly than scuba divers. So he and his father, a retired truck mechanic, began to com-

continued



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SCAVENGERS

struct scavenging devices. None worked very well. Then they built an apparatus similar to the dredges used for silt, gold and clams. They invested \$3,700 in parts and worked some 2,900 hours before producing their "vacuum cleaner." The dredging unit is mounted on a four-foot-by-eight-foot float that is powered by an Evinrude motor. It has different heads for different type bottoms. Balls are sucked up a six-inch pipe and drop into compartments. Golf clubs recovered from hazards drop through another trapdoor. Bottles, water, goldfish and an occasional trout gush out through discharge pipes. The machine moves 700 gallons of water a minute. It can find balls buried in eight inches of mud. Joe Zakarian, the president of the Northern California Section of the PGA, says it retrieves three times as many golf balls as any diver can. The machine's first major test was at Zakarian's course, Los Altos (Calif.) Country Club. First a diver worked the large water hazard that stretches across the 9th and 18th holes and netted 467 balls. The machine then scoured the lake and came up with 2,917 more.

Thrasher says he was offered \$400,000 for his vacuum cleaner business by a man who was eager to start ball-scavenging franchises across the country. However Thrasher turned down the bid. He continues jealously to guard his machine. Rival scavengers, cameras strung around their necks, have been seen on the banks of lakes where the Pearl Divers work. Twice the Highway Patrol has stopped Thrasher's truck and inquired what kind of device he was transporting. The machine is whiskey-still brown, purposely drab so that it will not draw curious eyes. Although Thrasher is building a second vacuum cleaner it became a necessity as his company now has scavenging contracts with 60 golf clubs—he is still not completely satisfied with his invention. He wants to redesign it so that it will be able to walk off the truck under its own power, trundle to a water hazard, do its job and get back into the pickup.

The company's success and rapid expansion astounds Merle Keller, who is 28 and retains the exuberance and tai-

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SCAVENGERS

toos of a onetime sailor. He tilts back in a bar chair, thumbs stuck in his red brass-buttoned vest, a cowboy boot crossed over his knee, as he talks about his years nighthawking. He tells of spending two nights in jail for stealing balls at a club that he now works legally, and of the time he and Ted wanted money to go to Las Vegas, they broke ice on a water hazard, waded into it in cut-off Levi's and collected \$300 worth of balls. He remembers sitting for several hours one night crouched on a bank barely 10 feet from a guard. The man finally left, and Merle got his quota of balls.

He no longer needs the instances and bravado of a huckster and a nighthawk. The challenge these days is elsewhere—in the Pearl Divers' burgeoning business. Derrone, however, remains the organization man. He keeps a color cardex that includes information on every course in Northern California. He files away useful memoranda—on the number of hazards, their depth, a rumor that one pro is to be replaced, that another is a possible candidate. Thrasher is as interested in courses with no water as ones with it. Such clubs will pay premium prices for water balls to use on their practice ranges. Over his desk is a map of the area with thumbtacks pin-pointing the golf courses—a yellow thumbtack denotes a club under contract, a green one signifies one that is not. Other colors indicate that a prospectus has been mailed to the pro or a personal visit paid to him. Often Thrasher visits six clubs a day, at some delivering sacks of processed balls and at others making patches for business. He offers a standard contract: the pro pays 12¢ for every ball found in his lakes. For that price, they are cleaned, striped for use on the range and returned to him in onion sacks. Thrasher explains that the balls are bleached (but not dulled) in a secret solution developed by a South San Francisco chemist, and that the stripes painted on them are the best in the business. The balls dry as they move past a microcounter, under high-intensity lamps, down a 40-foot rack.

Thrasher's vacuum cleaner can operate in reservoirs, such as at San Fran-

continued



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SCAVENGERS *continued*

cisco's Harding Park, where it dredged up 25,000 balls in three days recently. The pro is offered other services, too. "That lake over there is crystal clear," Derone may note. "We can take care of that so the golfers cannot find their balls." He suggests that algae in another hazard be examined by a Stanford University laboratory to determine the proper chemicals to kill it. As a protection against nighthawks, Thrasher will install a black alarm box in the center of a lake and run trip wires out to the edge. If a nighthawk stumbles on a wire, a loud buzzer goes off for 15 minutes and then the box resets itself. Thrasher figures he loses perhaps 15% of his balls to nighthawks. Last winter he tipped off the Internal Revenue Service about the activities of one man who was hitting his lakes regularly. On two of his courses Thrasher is experimenting with lights near the hazards.

The lights have reinforced-plastic covers to protect them from BB gunshot and light-sensitive switches that turn the lamps on in the evening and off in the morning. If a club will give him a five-year ball-scampering contract, Thrasher will install such lights free of charge. He is considering—for the same guarantee—offering to build water hazards for golf pros at no cost. He notes that three or four of the clubs he deals with have dug ponds on their own in the last few months. Currently Thrasher is constructing dams in creek beds so that streams will not dry up during the summer months. Such precautionary measures, he points out, assure the pros' golf ball harvest.

Derone Thrasher and the new breed of scavengers like him are counting on innovations and diversification for future profits. Perhaps in the next century they will hunt golf balls with laser beams, and submerged computers will send homing signals to airborne Tiflents. In the under(water)world of the scavenger anything is imaginable and nothing seems impossible. Last winter Thrasher and his crew made a bid to help salvage the Japan Airlines 707 that pancaked in San Francisco Bay. Why not? They figure they can get anything out of a water hazard.

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FOR THE OAKLAND

A roundup of the sports information of the week

RACEFRILL ABA "We have the strongest line, I feel like a new coming on a good back of eggs," said OAKLAND's Coach Al Blumstein, and the Oaks went on to reach a 10-11 Eastern victory in the fifth game in the ABA playoffs, clinching a 4-1. The Oaks had taken the fourth game 104-117. It's the most satisfying victory in its whole life," said Blumstein. "To take a team of 400 who were down last year and to come back and win the title has to be the biggest thing that ever happened to me."

FOOTBALL PRO The BATHMORE COLTS, CLEVELAND BROWNS and PITTSBURGH STEELERS agreed to join the AFL, it was said by the American Conference of the Football League. Football League play beginning in 1978, with the Colts in a division with Buffalo, Boston Patriots and the New York Jets, the Browns and Steelers with Cincinnati and Houston, and Denver, Kansas City, Oakland and San Diego in the American Division. Denver has not yet been in the National Conference, which will consist of the remaining NFL teams.

GOLF ELIANE REIMAN scored the \$500,000 Texas Open in San Antonio, 10th first round, 68, when he dropped a 30 first round total in the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Jack Nicklaus. It was the 17th hole of the day, two rounds having been played to make up for a rainout on opening day. Reiman, who had been the British and U.S. amateur champion, had a final round of 67, equalling the course record. Nicklaus shot an 80.

HAWKINS BACON BYE BYE SAM (50) driven by Marley, Dakota, won the 385-746 Mustang Super in Rochester, N.Y. in a race over General Yankee. Lawrence Hammer, who finished that he was better than the best, was third, three-fourths of a length farther back.

HOCKEY NHL Boston's Bobby Orr received the most votes in the 1976-77 season for his All-Star team, which included Toronto's TIM BERTON, St. Louis' Chicago's ROBBY HULL, and Boston's GORDIE HULL at the wings. Boston's PHIL ESPOSITO at center and in goal, WALTER KALL of Los Angeles, the first player on a Western expansion team to be co-honored. Orr's second team was Murray of EVANSTON, KNOXVILLE and Detroit's FRANK MAROVICH, wings the Canadian's JEAN BELIVEAU, center Boston's TED GREEN and Montreal's TED HARRIS, defenseman, and New York's LUDIE GATGMIN, goalie.

SERIO SAVARD a second-year defenseman for Montreal, was awarded the Conn Smythe Trophy as Most Valuable Player in the Stanley Cup on the strength of his four goals and six assists.

HORSE RACING ACK ACK (51) ridden by Masood Yousa, won the \$50,000 Withers Mile at Aqueduct, when the 16-1 shot, 10-year-old gelding ridden by Larry Adams, was disqualified. Both Ack and played fifth for cutting off Rooney's shield and made in the race.

KING OF THE CASTLE 158-401 ridden by Bruce Baeza, won the \$70,450 Illinois Derby on Clayco at the Springfield Park, season. Carrying 126 pounds, he ran the 1 1/4 mile course for 3-year-olds in 1:51 1/2, 1/2 length ahead of Rush Day.

BIL HINCK rode CAR ALEXANDER (51) to a 1-4 finish when Juan Tacha in the \$50,000 Duke Meadows held at Parkview over 1 1/4 miles on the turf.

HOBBE BROWN FRANK CHARLOTTE, first-time Chicagoan, brought out two potential international show jumpers, Governor and Fox Again, at the Cheltenham, Services, when he was named the winner of the British Jockey events with each of them. The Governor's Trophy for Hinesman was the highest and division was won by JAMES HILL, Jr. of Seaford, Mass., in the middle last division. In BILL KOPF of Troy, N.Y.

LACROSSE—In a confrontation of the college leagues, NAVY sent John Hopkins 9-6 in Baltimore, winning with three goals in the final minutes. Harry MacLaughlin scored four goals for the Midwestern and Coachman Leroy Nappa made 11 saves.

HANDICAP THREE ROY YARBROOK, driving a Mercury won the Rebel 400 rock race on the recently opened Darlington (S.C.) Race-

way at an average speed of 131.37 mph. Yarbrough won \$14,700.

The season's first Trans-American race at Michigan International Speedway, went to the Mustang of FARNELL 30-24 in the early season. Mustang's Keweenaw Mustang spun into a group of spectators, killing one and injuring 12.

PORCISCH selected as commanding lead in Manchester's Championship racing, to Robert and Bruce Redman, outdriving the winner in Bulgaria's 1,000 Kilometers.

SWIMMING—HARVARD's heavyweight victory defeated Penn. 1-16. Bigly for the Eastern Sports Championships in Lake Quabbin, Mass., Saturday.

TENNIS—TOM COKER of The Netherlands defeated American's Ken Friesen 6-1, 6-5 to take the men's singles title in the first American professional tournament in Ocala, Fla. in the early season. In the women's singles, the French's final and final French Open of France, Spain's MANUEL SANTANA lost the first set 9-11, then put together 6-4, 6-2, 4-1 to win the American's Arthur Ashe on the singles final. KERRY MILLVILLE and DICK CREALY of Australia won England's Surrey County doubles titles. Mrs. Michelle Spivey took the women's Mrs. Margaret Court 6-1, 7-5 and Cindy beat Keith Worsfold of England 4-6, 7-5, 6-2.

TRACK & FIELD JOHN CARLSON won his fourth out-of-state title at the 1976-77 season, the West Coast Relays in Eugene. He set the world record for the 400-yard dash 0:11 with no wind at all, after having recorded a wind-aided 0:10 in the 1976 season. One of the three officials checked him on a 9.9 in this event, an 11.4 on a 100-yard race, and a 30.7 on a 200. He also ran the 400-yard race in 1:19.4 in an 800-meter race. CARLSON had an official clocking of 0:11.4 in the 400-yard race, 1:19.4 in the 800-meter race, 3:15.2 in the 1,600-meter race, 5:11.6 in the 2,000-meter race, 7:11.6 in the 2,400-meter race, 9:11.6 in the 2,800-meter race, 11:11.6 in the 3,200-meter race, 13:11.6 in the 3,600-meter race, 15:11.6 in the 4,000-meter race, 17:11.6 in the 4,400-meter race, 19:11.6 in the 4,800-meter race, 21:11.6 in the 5,200-meter race, 23:11.6 in the 5,600-meter race, 25:11.6 in the 6,000-meter race, 27:11.6 in the 6,400-meter race, 29:11.6 in the 6,800-meter race, 31:11.6 in the 7,200-meter race, 33:11.6 in the 7,600-meter race, 35:11.6 in the 8,000-meter race, 37:11.6 in the 8,400-meter race, 39:11.6 in the 8,800-meter race, 41:11.6 in the 9,200-meter race, 43:11.6 in the 9,600-meter race, 45:11.6 in the 10,000-meter race, 47:11.6 in the 10,400-meter race, 49:11.6 in the 10,800-meter race, 51:11.6 in the 11,200-meter race, 53:11.6 in the 11,600-meter race, 55:11.6 in the 12,000-meter race, 57:11.6 in 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*Patent Applied For.



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER GARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"They really overpowered us, didn't they?" said Billy Martin, manager of Western Division leading Minnesota (2-2) after his team took its first interdivisional win 10-3. Martin's sarcasm could have applied in just about any town in the West, as the supposedly weaker division ended its first week of play against the powerful East with a 17-11 record. The Twins' victories came on strong pitching by Dean Chance and Jim Kaat, both of whom had been out for two weeks with injuries, and power hitting by Harmon Killebrew, who crashed three homers good for five RBIs. Oakland (4-0) found Eastern competition even more to its liking and closed within percentage points of the division leaders. The A's Blue Moon Odum became the majors' first six-game winner with a four-hitter, and Sal Bando, Danny Cater and Rick Monday hit key home runs in three one-run victories. Chicago's (3-0) ace righty, Joel Horlen, and top lefty Gary Peters both won, but they found it is going to be tougher as starters under new manager Don Gutierrez. "It's true, I'm not so quick with the hook," said Gutierrez, after leaving Horlen in to throw 148 pitches in one game and then letting Peters chuck 149 balls the next day before calling on a reliever. Kansas City (2-2) continued to win with dramatic late-inning rallies. The Royals held on to third place by first starting the Tigers on Hawk Taylor's three-run, pinch-hit, ninth-inning homer and then jolting the Orioles when former Baltimore farmhand Mike Fiore capped a rally with a pinch-hit, two-run double. Seattle (3-2) ducked out of the cellar behind rookie Mike Marshall's two-hit shutout in one game and then a 16-13 victory the next day. In that game the Piles trailed the Senators 3-11, but

won with eight runs in the sixth inning—six of them coming on home runs by Rich Rollins and Don Mincher—and four more in the eighth. California (1-3) calls its starting rotation of Jim McGlothlin, Tom Murphy, Andy Messersmith and Rudy May the M-Squad and, even with the Angels slumping to last, they were murderous. The foursome, none of whom is over 25 years old, held opponents to an average of 2.5 runs a game last week, but only Murphy came up a winner as the Angels' batters hit just .217. Boston (5-0) was the only Eastern team making it in the West. The Red Sox moved into second place and eased within one game of division-leading Baltimore (2-3) with a 500 week—including a 518-foot homer—from Carl Yastrzemski and strong pitching from a revamped staff. With three regular starters—Jim Lonborg, Jose Santiago and Dick Ellsworth—either injured or traded, the Sox have turned to newly acquired Sonny Sebert and rookie Ray Jarvis and Mike Nagy to match up with Ray Culp, and the new rotation is 16-3. In Detroit (2-2) the breaks that fell the Tigers' way last year are tumbling backward this season. The World Champions lost a one-run game when Al Kaline's line drive over third hit Umpire Red Flaherty, holding the hit to a single and preventing a run from scoring. And later, with the Tigers still struggling 6½ games out of first, the clubhouse was robbed of five dozen hand-autographed baseballs. Cleveland (1-3) has only a .204 team average, but brassy slugger Hawk Harrelson has not even been able to reach that. Since joining the Indians, he has hit .178 with just one home run and four runs batted in. New York (1-4) booted two games away with eight errors, including four by rookie Third Baseman Bobby Mercer. In one atro-

cious display the Yanks committed five errors in a single inning, allowing the A's to score two of their runs in a game that Mel Stottlemyre dropped 3-2. Washington (0-5) lost its winning touch and Manager Ted Williams was obviously unhappy. After his team was two-hit, he extended from 15 to 35 minutes the postgame cooling-off period in which visitors are barred from the clubhouse and was still disgruntled enough about his team's hitting to say, "Actually their pitcher should have had a no-bitter."

Standings—East 1st 12-11, 2nd 10-10, 3rd 10-10, 4th 12-13, 5th 12-12, 6th 4-21, West: 1st 16-5, 2nd 16-11, 3rd 11-11, 4th 10-14, 5th 10-14, 6th 10-14.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

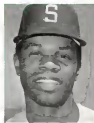
Orlando Cepeda's .252 batting average makes it look as though Atlanta (3-1) took the short end in the preseason deal that sent Joe Torre to the Cardinals. Braves Manager Luman Harris thinks not. "I'm not worried about Cepeda's average. I know he doesn't have many hits, but he's made the most of them." And Cepeda has. With his first 25 hits he drove in 24 runs, six of which won games. That is exactly half the number of game-winning hits Cepeda delivered all last year when he helped the Cardinals to a pennant. Last week he began to hit—at a .400 clip—and was still delivering his specialty. In two games he broke nothing less, crashing a three-run homer in one, coming through with a run-scoring single in the other for the division-leading Braves. Los Angeles (3-1, page 28) and San Francisco (2-2) remained close behind. The Giants won one game with stars Ron Hunt, Jim Hart, Willie Mays, Bobby Bonds, Willie McCovey and Juan Marshall all out with injuries. Manager Clyde King worked up

continued

HIGHLIGHT

When Pilot Manager Joe Schultz, who had coached St. Louis' top base stealers Lou Brock and Curt Flood for the past five seasons, first assembled his expansion team at spring training, most of the players were unfamiliar to him. But one he knew well was Tommy Harper. The speed-conscious Schultz called the former Red and Indian over and said, "You were a fine stealer at Cincinnati, why don't you be like Brock? Anytime you get the jump, take the base." That was all Harper, who had stolen 100 bases in his four seasons as a Cincinnati regular but who had been held in check in Cleveland, where he swiped only 13 last year, needed to hear. Running without signs from the bench, the 28-year-old, right-handed batter added four steals last week to run his total to 17 in 21 attempts—best in the majors. That puts sec-

ond baseman Harper, who is Seattle's biggest hero, ahead of the pacesetters by Ty Cobb and Maury Wills the years they stole 95 and 104 bases respectively. To keep his roomies cheering, Harper must get on base frequently and Schultz thinks stealing helps him do just that. "He studies the pitchers more now, and that makes him concentrate on hitting good pitches and getting walks," Schultz says. The new, studious Harper, a .251 career batter, hit .355 last week, raising his season's average to .310. He already has only 10 fewer walks than he drew all last year. The extra hits and bases on balls are important because Harper needs every chance he can get to run. "Stealing's getting tougher already," he says. "The pitchers throw to first more and the catchers pitch out more. From here on it's strictly a game of cat and mouse." At his present rate, Harper could finish the season with all the cheese.



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BASEBALL'S WEEK (Continued)

four different lineups before settling on one that included Don Mason, Bob Fisteridge, Bob Burda, Dave Marshall and Ken Henderson, along with Catcher Jack Hunt playing first base. The Cubs, reasoning that they would have an easy time against the unknowns, decided not to cancel the game, despite foul weather and were promptly drubbed by the scrubs 11-1. Larry Dierker helped Houston (3-3) maintain a winning tempo. The rallying Astros have won seven of their last 10 games, and after two of their losses it was Dierker who righted them. He pitched nine innings in both wins and allowed just five hits while striking out 14 in the first. Cincinnati (2-2) was another satisfied customer of the Cards. Former Red hard baller Tobin, whom the Reds picked up in exchange for Vada Pinson, crashed his seventh homer and took over the league lead in RBIs (26) by adding four last week. Two former free agents and a player who could not make the Mets helped San Diego (3-2) to its wins. Veterans Johnny Podres and Jack Baldschun, who were released by their old teams, picked up the victories with excellent relief pitching. Ex-Met Chris Cannizzaro gave Baltimore one of its wins with a ninth-inning, run-scoring double. Fastballing lefthander Ken Holtzman, who was a disappointment in Chicago (2-2) last year when he finished 11-14, has taken over the top spot on the division leader's staff. With two complete-game victories last week, his record now stands at 5-1 and moves him ahead of Fergie Jenkins. Jenkins, who had won four straight, pitched 12 strong innings in a game against the Dodgers, but still lost 4-2. The Jones boys, Cleon of New York (3-2) and Mack of Montreal (2-2), both continued their hot hitting. Cleon held his position as the majors' top batter with a .500 week — an average just 89 points higher than his season's percentage. The Mets' right-handed hitting outfielder, who has been a weak spring batter in the past, also cracked two home runs to pace two of his team's wins. Mack, another .500 batter for the week and .349 for the year, rapped three homers, including a grand slammer, to help his team ease into a tie for fifth place with St. Louis (2-1). The Cardinals' pitching, except when Bob Gibson threw a five-hit shutout, was ragged as 15 hurlers appeared in the Cards' other games and twice failed to hold early leads. Pittsburgh (1-1) also had poor pitching. Starters Steve Blass, Dock Ellis and Jim Bunning were all knocked out early and none too gently. The three survived just five innings between them and allowed 14 runs. Philadelphia's (1-4) hitters averaged an anemic .218, and three times the pitchers allowed leads to slip away in the ninth as the Phillies retreated to fourth place.

Standings—East: Chi 20 11 Phil 16 13 NY 14 16
Pit 12 15 StL 12 18 Met 11 17 Wsh 10 20 S
LA 10 11 SF 11 12 SD 15 18 Cal 14 16 Mv 11 23

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AND STILL CHAMPION

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine article, *The Art of Ali* (May 5), which shows the real art of boxing. The great photographs by Philip Leonian catch the one and only Cassius Clay in what he does the best.

Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay, or whatever you want to call him, is still the world champion. And until somebody beats him in the ring, no one can take away his crown.

MICHAEL CARRETTI

Brooklyn

Sirs:

The article on Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay was most interesting to me as a former boxing instructor (for more than 20 years), and I readily agree that no prizefighter ever fought entirely by the book. Yes—Gene Tunney came close to doing so, as did the great James Corbett. It is also my opinion that Clay surpasses any man at present in the heavyweight division as a scientific boxer and packs a punch that is superior to Corbett's.

In the years when I had boxing gyms in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, and two in San Bernardino, Calif., I saw many top fighters work out. I recall in my Columbus days all the Zivic boys, Jack, Fritz and Pete, the wonderful Harry Gark, Carl Tremaine, Jack Malone, Frankie Callahan, Bryan, Anthony and Joe Downey, Harry Forbes and many others. Your article was excellent and, along with the photos, I have to tell you that I truly enjoyed it.

STAN NEWLIN

Monterey, Calif.

Sirs:

There is one thing missing in your cover picture of Mr. Clay. He should be looking through bars.

ROBERT OWENS

Onalaska, Wis.

BLISS IN BANTOWN

Sirs:

Thank you for your article, *Boston River Back* (April 28). No city in the country has experienced such excitement sportswise as has Boston this year. This town is engulfed in an epidemic of sports fever. It has affected everyone, young and old alike. With the Celtics, Bruins and Sox, there hasn't been one dull moment in the past few months. We may not win everything, but no matter what happens, it's been a wonderful year.

Happiness is being a sports fan and living in Boston.

CHRISTINE O'HEARN

Malden, Mass.

RECALL

Sirs:

So Avery Brundage has recalled all Alpine Olympic medals because of professionalism (SCOTICARD, May 5). What does Mr. Brundage propose to do about the summer Olympic track shoe "scandal"? Recall the Mexico Olympics?

Perhaps Mr. Brundage himself should be recalled and replaced by someone with a more realistic and honest attitude.

LINDA DARTON

Glen Wild, N.Y.

TABLE TALK

Sirs:

It certainly was a pleasure to read about so many table tennis stars in one issue of SI (May 5). Most, of course, were mentioned by Dick Miles in his article, *No Defense Against Murder*, but Charles Goren kept the ball bouncing with his article about North American bridge team member Eddie Kantar (*Two Love Deals in the Box*). Did you know that Eddie was the Minnesota state champion and was ranked in the top 30 in the nation by the U.S. Table Tennis Association? Reading further, I came across the name of Sportscenter Buddy Blanton (*The Top Three in a Long Shot*). Buddy, of course, was the world doubles champion in the '30s.

For the record, many other American athletes have gone to or from table tennis. Stuffy Singer, 1968 U.S. handball champion, was ranked in the top 20, Olympians Bill Sharpe (purple jump) and Sperry Rademaker (women's kayaks) are currently ranked in the top five in Pennsylvania and Florida, respectively.

STEVE ISAACSON

Former Selection Chairman, USSTA
Chicago

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Sirs:

Jeanette Bruce's *Sine to a Shoo* (May 5) was a delightful article. I recognized many of her characters after going through eight weeks of the strange ritual of taking my dog to obedience school. Reading this article brought to mind a particularly embarrassing experience engineered by my 2-year-old dachshund, Lee, during one session. Lee was commanded to sit and stay at one end of the room. When commanded to "Come!" Lee got up, looked around and then strolled into the ladies' room. Most of the other trainers thought this very humorous; I thought it very embarrassing and the impeccably mannered poodles seemed to be sniffling.

WILLIAM W. KENTON

Warwick, R.I.

DOWN AT THE HEEL

Sirs:

I feel like the world expert concerning jogger's heel (SCOTICARD, May 5). I know the cure, I hope my suffering can spare others the misery I endured.

My jogging began in April 1968. Within several weeks my ankles and heels were actually black and blue. This was from nothing more strenuous than a one- or two-mile jog each day. This state of affairs lasted for months. I was too stubborn to quit, although I limped a good deal of the time.

The answer turned out to be plastic heel cups, which I saw advertised in *Track & Field News* and tried out of desperation. Since I have used these heel cups, all problems with my feet have vanished. They apparently spread out the shock of the heel hitting the ground so it is not bothersome. Friends have confirmed my experience, so it is not unique. I hope this solution can become widely known.

DENN B. KIRK

Los Altos, Calif.

CON GAME

Sirs:

After reading Joe McGinnis' article, *Conning the Con Men of Kentucky* (May 5), I wondered if he saw the Derby. There is no daily double at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, but somehow he "played a double." Apparently Mr. McGinnis attempted to con the readers of SI.

KETTER GEORGE

Louisville

JEAN-PRAUD

Sirs:

Sure it's illegal—yet I can't help but admire the imagination of Bernard Dubrille in his let's-pretend life as Jean-Claude Kelly (*Living the Life of Kelly*, April 28). Adding to his disguise (as shown in your photo) was his choice of a lapel pin to wear—ours!

Under any alias, Dubrille-Kelly is not a member. I sorta wish he was—he's got Gallic flair, for sure.

WILLIAM H. OITLEY

Executive Director

National Pilots Association

Washington

NET GAINS

Sirs:

The Right Way to Bryn (April 28) by Welby Van Horn with Frank Deford was excellent.

Our hat goes off to Van Horn and the other tennis pros across the country who are working with youngsters. Tennis is definitely on the upswing, as evidenced by the responses we are getting in organizing our

continued

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	Skagway Store
Scottsbluff	Scottsbluff Sports Center

Yago	Bob Fritz Sporting Goods
Grand Forks	Home of Learning

PAGE **Filing Date**

Bookings
Raced City

Apples	Berggren's Sport Shop
Chippewa Falls	Triangle Sport Shop
Sand Du Lac	The Sport Shop Inc.
Beauregard	Nelson Sport Shop
Madison	Rex's Outdoor Sports & Goods Inc.

Minneapolis	Richards Sporting Goods The Play Shop
Eastlake	Jens Sport Shop
Racine	Mike's Sport Shop
Sheboygan	Tony Sporting Goods
Waukegan	Lakewood Sporting Goods Inc
Wyzconsin Rapids	J. Penney's Sport Shop

JACK MANN
President
Youth Tennis League, Inc.
b. Fla.

As a visiting Englishman, I was interested to read your article on soccer violence in England (The *Observer* file, April 21). Wilfred Sheed has some reasonable comments to make concerning violence, but he seems to have gotten the wrong impression of the actual game of soccer. Soccer is loved mainly for its unutterable randomness. Most good goals result from direct play. Goals are hardly ever accidental. They are the product of a good attacking team or a blunder by the defense. Offsides, too, are comparatively rare when compared to goals. I suggest that Sheed cannot have seen many games when he talks of "80 minutes of nothing happening." Soccer retains its large following throughout the world precisely because something is *always* happening.

Burlington, Vt.

Immensely enjoyed your article depicting the violence associated with soccer in England today.

Soccer is a great sport and I was saddened to see its virtual collapse in this country without a fair trial. Who knows? Had it been given the chance, we might have seen the same type of shenanigans among soccer fans in America some day. In the meantime, I'll try to cheer the Merseyside Continentals of the Washington, D.C. National Soccer League on to victory each week.

DALE WAINWRIGHT

Arlington, Va.

In my opinion, your article on Salsineth (*The Resort That Helps Preserve a Wild Seaboard*, April 28) was a gross insult to the Oregon coast. It was stated that "after miles of beer joints and tourist cabins, there suddenly is something worthy of its [Oregon's] landscape." This makes it sound like the Oregon coast is just one big tourist trap, which most certainly it is not! Salsineth is a very nice place and I am not trying to take anything away from it, but your article...*shame!*

David Doolin

Thank you for publishing the pictures of Salsban. As an Oregonian, I have visited the area many times but have never seen any-

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18TH HOLE

thing except the motor inn and a piece of the golf course. You see, one picture was left out, the one showing the guard and gate.

RAYMOND M. HARR

Portland, Ore.

WRAP-UP

Says

Amnet your SCORECARD piece of April 28 titled "Words Make Me Crazy," let me share one that happened in all innocence to a lovely gal performer I know. Carol Laird emceed a show for the marines at Camp Pendleton a couple of months ago. A few days later I asked her how it went. "Fine," she said, "and everyone seemed to like me except one girl. The contortionist."

I asked why the girl had not liked her, and Carol answered, "Oh, I don't know. That contortionist was all wrapped up in herself."

JACK DUNN

Hollywood

MIDWEST VERSION

Says

In reference to your article a few weeks ago on the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club (*The Old Boys Are Still Here*, March 31), the Mounties may be one of the best club teams around, but there is no doubt that the most dedicated group of individuals are those who play for the Chicago Lacrosse Club. This team is composed of 20 people who have played lacrosse in the East during college and who now live in the Chicago area. The club has won its first two games, and it has high hopes for an undefeated season. It is quite a sight to see 20 people running around near Lake Michigan practicing in the middle of February in five- or 10-degree temperatures. You can just hear each one of them asking himself why he is paying a \$20 membership fee for this pleasure.

FREDRIC B. WEINSTEIN

Chicago

Says

Just a congratulatory note on your fine article dealing with the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club. Mount Washington does epitomize the best in the realm of sportsmanship and amateur sports.

I work with the University of Michigan lacrosse team. Interest in the sport is growing in the Midwest. More and more people are learning about it every day, and I sincerely feel that once a person has seen the game he will become a fan of it.

HENRY E. FLANAGAN JR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

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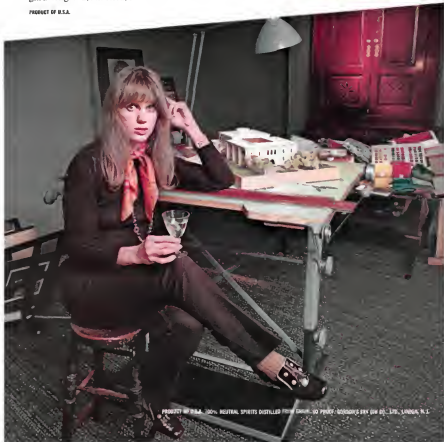
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